

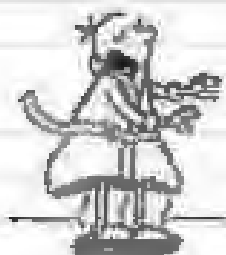
# DIARY of a Wimpy Kid

THE LAST STRAW



THE #1  
NEW YORK TIMES  
BESTSELLER

Jeff Kinney



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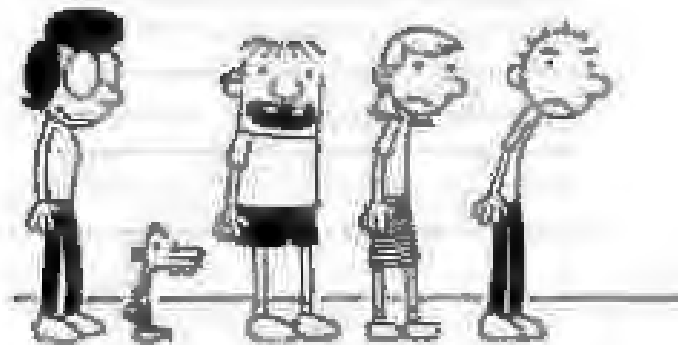
*Diary of a Wimpy Kid: The Night Before*

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*The Wimpy Kid Movie Diary*

**Illustrated by**

*Diary of a Wimpy Kid*



# DIARY of a Wimpy Kid

## THE LAST STRAW

by Jeff Kinney



**PUBLISHER'S NOTE:** This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictionally, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

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## JANUARY

### New Year's Day

You know how you're supposed to come up with a list of "resolutions" at the beginning of the year to try to make yourself a better person?

Well, the problem is, it's not easy for me to think of ways to improve myself, because I'm already pretty much one of the best people I know.

So this year my resolution is to try and help OTHER people improve. But the thing I'm finding out is that some people don't really appreciate it when you're trying to be helpful.





One thing I noticed right off the bat is that the people in my family are doing a lousy job sticking to THEIR New Year's resolutions.

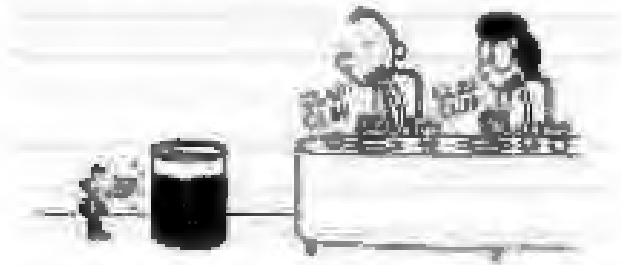
Mom said she was gonna start going to the gym today, but she spent the whole afternoon watching TV.

And Dad said he was gonna go on a strict diet, but after dinner I caught him out in the garage, stuffing his face with brownies.

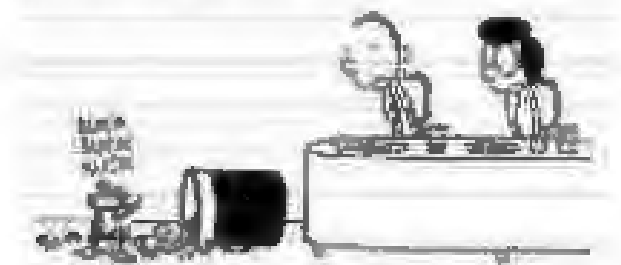


Even my little brother, Manny, couldn't stick with his resolution.

This morning he told everyone that he's a "big boy" and he's giving up his pacifier for good. Then he threw his favorite books in the trash.



Well, THAT New Year's resolution didn't even last a full MINUTE.

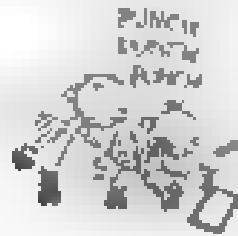


The only person in my family who didn't come up with a resolution is my older brother, Rodrick, and that's a pity because his list should be about a mile and a half long.

So I decided to come up with a program to help  
Rafael to a better person. I called my plan

"Three Strikes and You're Out". The first was  
and that strip that I saw Rafael reading up.  
I'd mark a little "X" on his shirt.

Well Rafael got all those strikes before I even  
had a chance to decide what Yusef can read.



Anyway, I'm starting to wonder if I should just  
buy my readers, too. It's a lot of work, and  
so far I haven't really made any progress.

Besides, after I reminded them for the hundredth  
time to stop cleaning her pants to sleep so loud, she  
made a really good point. She said "Everyone  
has to be as perfect as Yusef's group." And  
from what I've seen so far, I think she's right.

### Thursday

Dad is giving the dot thing another try, and Mom's had some fun. He's gone about three days without eating any chocolate, and he's been SUPER cranky.

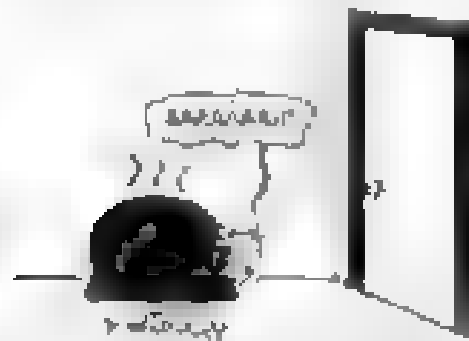
The other day, after Dad woke me up and told me to get ready for school, I accidentally got back asleep. Turns out that's the first time I've ever ToldT outside.



Part of the problem is that Dad always wakes me up before Mom's out of the shower, so I know that I still have like ten more minutes before I need to get out of bed for real.

Yesterday I came up with a pretty good way to  
 get some extra sleep time without making Dad  
 mad. After he woke me up, I took all of my  
 blankets down the hall with me and waited outside  
 the bathroom for my turn in the shower.

Then I lay down right on top of the heater vent  
 And when the furnace was blowing, the experience  
 was even BTB than being in bed.



The problem was the vent only worked on for  
 about five minutes at a time. So when the furnace  
 wasn't running, I was just lying there on the  
 cold floor in protest.



One morning, while I was waiting for them to be done with her shower, I remembered someone gave her a bottle of lotion for Christmas, so I went into her shower and got it.

But he just says that was one of the sweetest things I've ever made. Knowing that thing was the thing wrapped in a bag, stuffy thing that just says one of the things.

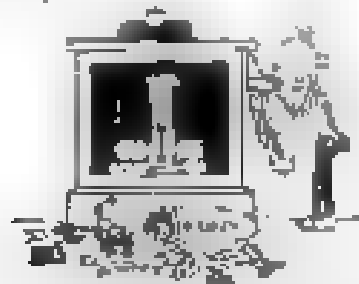
In fact, I liked it so much, I even used it AFTER my shower. I think Dad might've been jealous of me for + came up with the idea then (xxx) because when I came to the kitchen table, he seemed really happy.



I told you, women have the right idea with this  
bathrobe thing. Now I'm wondering what  
ELSE I'm missing out on.

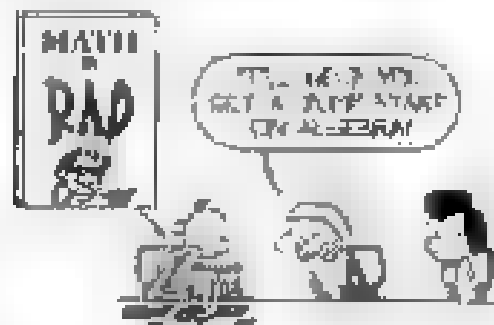
I just wish I had asked for my own bathrobe  
for Christmas. Because I'm sure there's gonna  
make us give him back.

I struck out on gifts again this year. I know I  
was in for a rough day when I came downstairs  
on Christmas morning and the only presents in  
my stocking were a stick of deodorant and a  
"small dictionary."



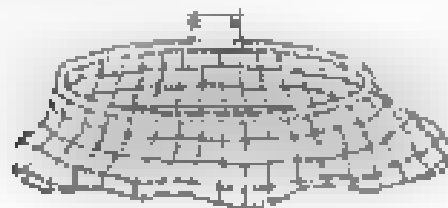
I guess once you're in middle school, grown-ups  
decide you're too old for toys or anything that's  
actually fun.

But then they still expect you to be all excited  
when you open the love gifts they got you



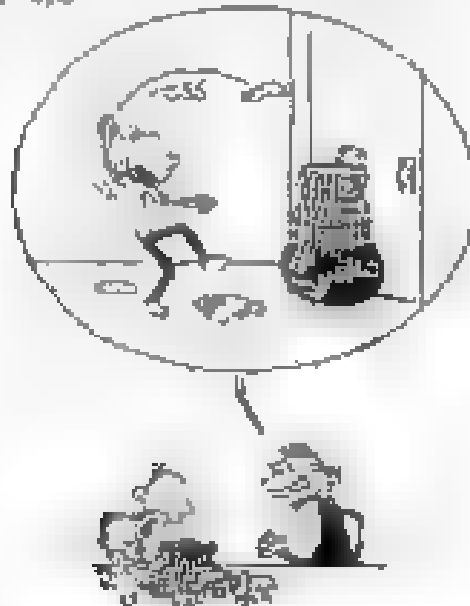
Most of my gifts this year were books or stories.  
The nicest thing I got to a try was a present  
from Uncle Charlie.

When I unwrapped Uncle Charlie's gift, I didn't  
even know what it was supposed to be. It was  
this big plastic ring with wires attached to it.



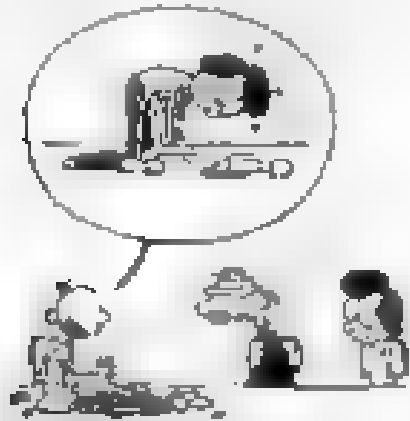


Uncle Charlie explained that it was a "Laundry  
Nump" for my birthday. He said I was expected  
to bring the laundry nump on the back of my  
door and it would make putting away my dirty  
clothes "fun."



At first I thought it was a joke, but then I  
realized Uncle Charlie was serious. So I had to  
explain to him that I don't actually DO my  
own laundry.

I told her I just threw my dirty clothes on the floor, and Mom picks them up and takes them downstairs to the laundry room.



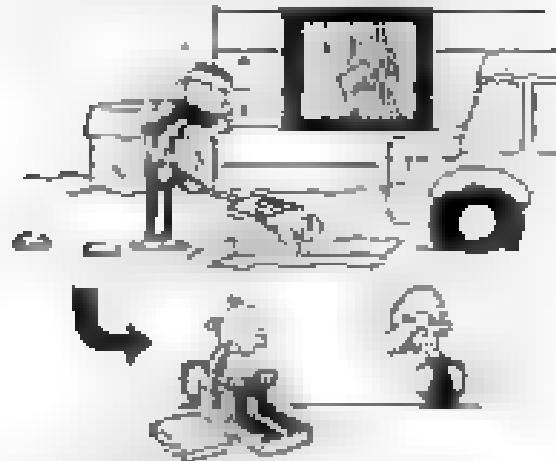
Then a few days later everything comes back to me in new divided piles.

I told Uncle Charles he should just return the laundry, keep and give me cash so I could buy something. I'd actually like.

That's when Mom speaks up. She tells Uncle Charles she thought the Laundry Man was a GREAT idea.

Then she and I sat down and I did the laundry my  
Owl's laundry. In laundry, it ends up that  
Uncle Owen got me a shirt for Christmas.

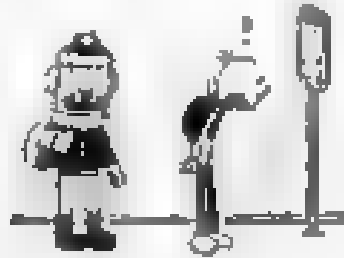
I'm sorry, think that I got with coming along  
the year. I put in a lot of extra lettering  
years up for the past few months, and I  
thought it would pay off on Christmas.



Now that I'm responsible for my own laundry, I  
get. I'm kind of (L.A.) I got a bunch of letters.  
I might actually make it through the whole school  
year before I run out of clean stuff to wear.

Monday

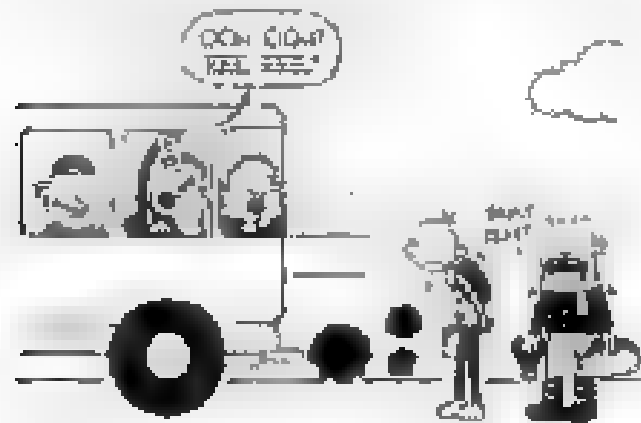
When we and Remy got to our bus stop today we found a nasty surprise. There was a piece of paper taped to our street sign, and it had that stink-on-today-as-the-20th-year-classroom! And what that meant is you no have to WALK to school.



Well, I'd like to talk to the person who came up with THAT idea, because our street is almost a quarter of a mile from the school.

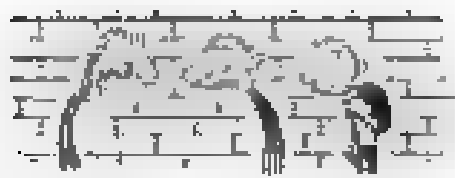
My and Remy had to run the whole way to school on time today. And when REALITY struck was when our regular bus passed us by and I was left at home from walking toward the neighborhood right next to ours.

The Albany Street kids make monkey noises when they passed us. which was really annoying, because that's exactly what WE used to do when we passed THEM.

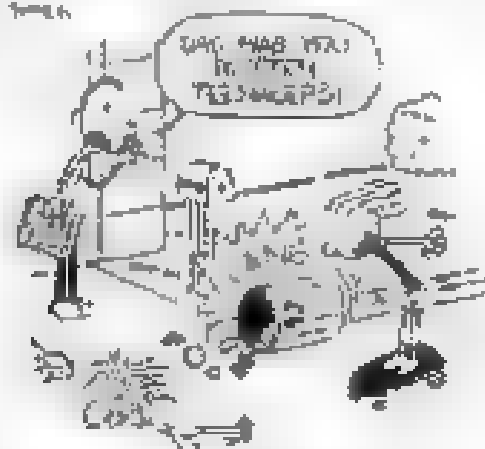


I'll tell you one reason it's a bad idea to make kids walk to school. These days teachers give you so much homework that, with all the books and papers you have to carry home, your backpack ends up swinging like a hundred pounds.

And if you want to see what kind of an effort that has made over time, all you have to do is look at Rudrak and some of his friends.



Speaking of resumes, Dad scored a pretty big victory today. The baddest homeless in our neighborhood is this old named Leonard Heath, and this kind of like Dad's antithesis. Dad has probably asked the cops on Leonard Heath about fifty times.



I guess Leonard's pieces got out of his act, because they were too old to obscure anything.

You think that would've made Dad pretty happy, but I don't think he'd be satisfied until every teenager on the planet gets stuck off to juvenile hell or Alcatraz or something. And that irritates Rafael.

Yesterday Mom and Dad gave Rafael some money so he could study for the SATs but Rafael spent the money on a tattoo instead.



I've still got a little time before I turn into a teenager. But the minute I do, I guarantee you Dad will be looking for the first chance to ship me out.

**Monday**

For the past week or so, Murray has been getting busy out at his magic night and comedy performances.



I wanted to go, ring him & get back to bed. Mom & to Mommy sit with us and watch TV.

It's really not fair, because when Mommy is with us I'm not allowed to watch any of the shows I like.

All I can say is when I was a kid there wasn't any of this getting out of bed stuff. I did & once in twice that Dad got a step on & ran quick.

There was the book Dad used to read to me every night called "The Evening Time." It was a really good book, but the back of it had a picture of the author, this guy named Neil Silverstein.



But that situation looks more like a burger or a  
poor man's guy who stands in waiting lines  
for life.



But that has been the picture kind of broken  
no one, because one night after I got out of bed,  
I've said





I told Mom what I thought of Money's books, and she said that if they were so easy to write, then I should try writing one myself!

So that's exactly what I did. Trust me, it wasn't hard, either. All you have to do is make up a character with a pretty name, and then make sure the character learns a lesson at the end of the book.

Mom said I need to do it and the thing old to a publisher and wait for the money to start rolling in.

## Wise Up, Mr. Shropsharp!



by Greg Hefley

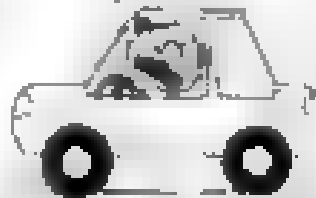
Once upon a  
time, there was  
one small married  
Mr. Satchelpotter  
who thought all  
these things  
thoughtful.

I DON'T THINK  
THAT I CAN  
WALK UP TO  
THEY AND SAY  
"I'M A LITTLE  
BIT LATE"  
ANOTHER

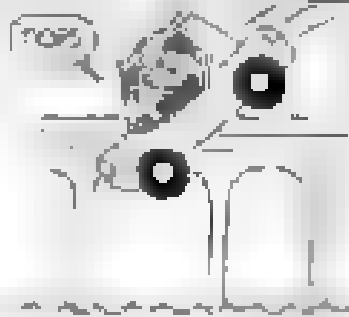


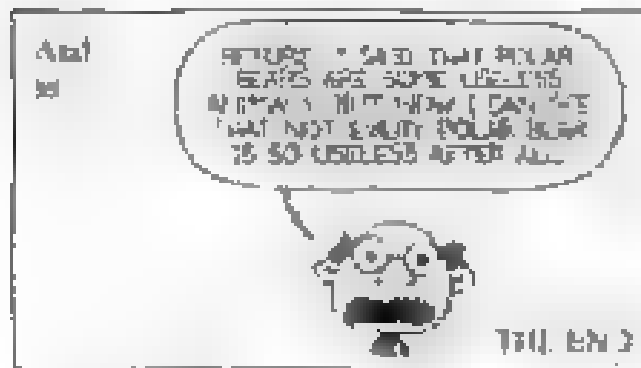
Then, one day  
Satchelpotter with  
a wife in his car

WELL I  
CAN



But then



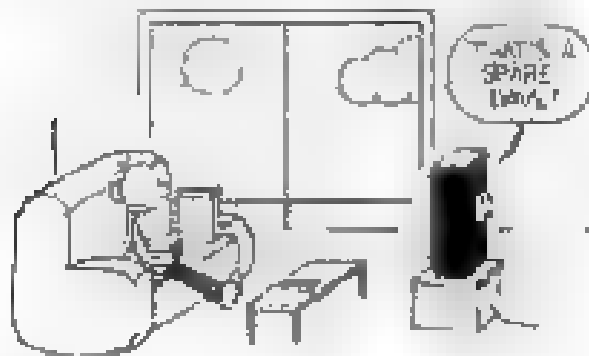


See what I mean? The only thing I noticed when I looked the book over was that I failed to make it rhyme. But the publisher is generous enough to pay no extra if they want "That".

Saturday

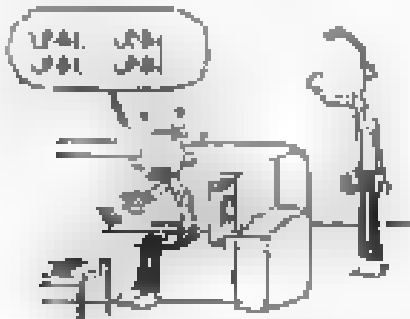
Well after spending the last few weeks working to adjust, I was really looking forward to taking back and doing nothing for two days.

The problem with watching TV on a Sunday is that the only thing there is is boring or just flat. The ads come through not doing much worse, and you can barely see the TV screen anyway.



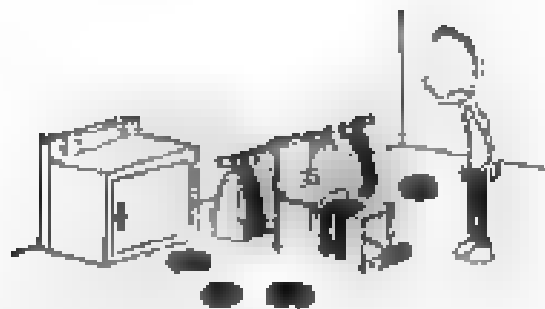
Today I wanted to change the channel, but the remote was on top of the coffee table. I was all comfortable, with my head of course in my lap, so I really didn't want to get up.

I tried using the fence to make the remote invisible to me, even though I've tried it a million times before and it's never worked once. Today I tried for about fifteen minutes and constructed REALLY hard, but no luck. I just wish I'd known that Dad was standing right behind me the whole time.

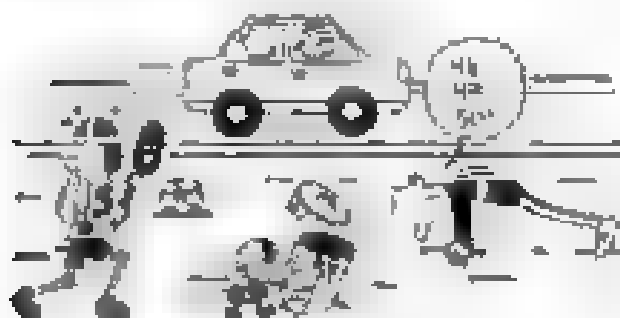


Dad told me I was gonna have to go outside and get some exercise. I told Dad I exercise at the TIME and just this morning I, "need the touch prize" he got me.

But I could have come up with something more believable, because it was pretty obvious that wasn't true.



Says the man: Did it on my way about exercise  
and it that is because he's got the balls turned  
Mr. Warner and Mr. Warner has three bugs  
who are even crazier sports fanatics. He was  
the Warner, I do not do in their heart least every  
day on his way home from work when his carpool  
goes by their house.





So I think Dad is pretty disappointed every time he gets home and sees what he's come out of it.

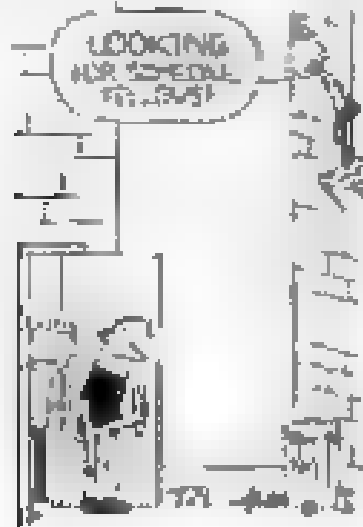


Anyway, like I said, Dad kicked me out of the house today. I wasn't really tired of anything I wanted to do but then I had a good one.

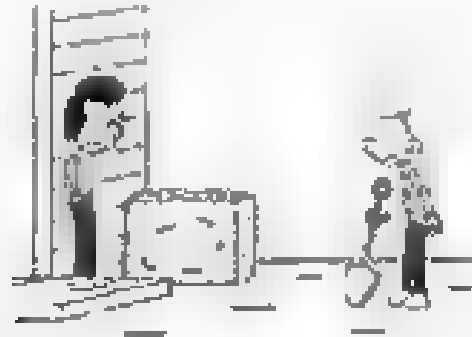
Yesterday at lunch, Albert Smith was telling everyone about this guy in China or Thailand or somewhere who used jump so high straight up in the air no joke. The way this guy did it was by digging a hole that was three inches deep and then jumping in and out of it a hundred times. The next day, this guy decided the way to the hole was to jump in and out of it. By the fifth day, he was generally like a kangaroo.



Some of the guys sitting before said, "Ally, he was  
told he was going to be a man, and he was saying he was  
in a way to be a man. I suppose it is that what  
Ally is and now that the FBI is now going to the  
program, all my problems with him are over."



I got a shovel out of the garage and found a place in the front yard that looked like a good spot to dig. But before I could even get started, Mom came outside and asked me what I was up to.

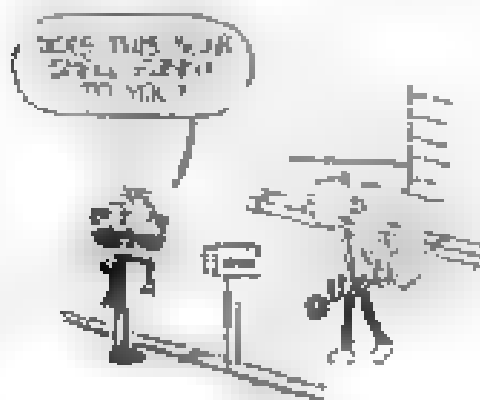


I told Mom I was just digging a hole, but of course she said I was talking back. So she came up with about twenty reasons why I wasn't allowed to do it.

Mom told me it was "dangerous" to dig in the yard because of underground electrical wires and sewage pipes and stuff. Then she made me promise up and down that I wouldn't dig any holes in our yard so I promised.

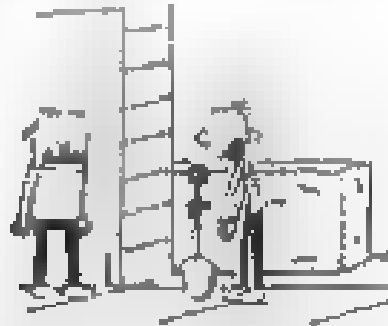
Man went inside, but then she kept coming in and out the window. I knew I had gotta hurry to take up about mid up day a little contract with so I heading up to Rando's house.

I haven't been going up to Rando's much lately mostly because of Fregey. Fregey has been spending a lot of time at his front yard, and one enough, that's where he was today.



My new strategy with Fregey is to just stand eye contact and keep walking. and it seems to do the trick today.

When I got to Rowley, I said his big idea, and even the two of us would probably be okay if we stuck with the bungee-jumping program I presented on.



But Rowley didn't seem so hot on the idea. He said his parents might get mad if we dug a ten-foot hole in his front yard without asking them, so he was gonna have to get their permission first.

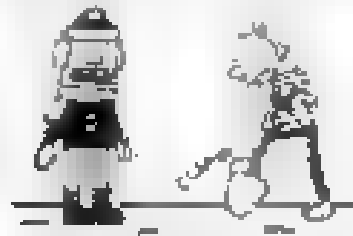
Then I thought of one thing I knew about Rowley's parents. It's that they NEVER like my ideas. I told Rowley we could just cover the hole up with a tarp or a blanket or something and put some boxes on top of it, and his folks would never even find out. That would be terrible fun.

OK, so I admit that Rowley's parents might  
EVENTUALLY find me. But that mightn't be  
for at least three or four months.

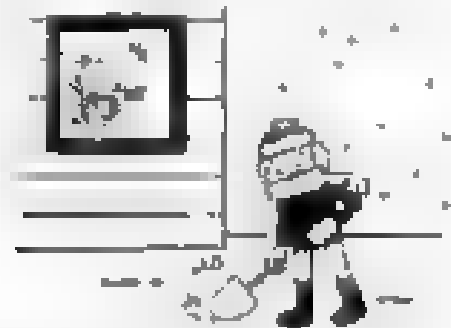


Me and Rowley found a good spot in the forest  
just to start digging, but we still got a problem  
catching away.

The ground was pretty much frozen solid, and we could hardly even make a dent.



I spent a few minutes trying before I handed the shovel over to Randy. He didn't really make any progress, either, but I gave him an extra-long turn so he could feel like he was contributing to the project.



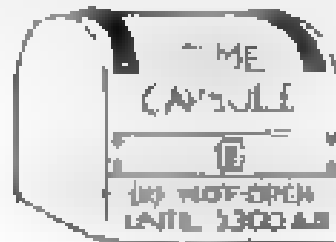
Randy got a little bit further than I did, but when it started to get dark out, he gave up.

I guess we'll have to take another crack at this thing tomorrow.

Sunday

Well, I thought about it a bit overnight, and I realized that as the rats are and Tony are going, were gonna be in a whole heap of trouble. I had to get away.

So I came up with a totally DIFFERENT idea. For what we could do. I remembered that thing I saw on TV where someone uses a "time capsule" and filled it with a bunch of stuff like newspapers and stuff and things like that. Then the someone buries that time capsule in the ground. The idea was that in a few hundred years someone will come along and dig it up and they can learn how people from our time used to live.





I told Rocky about my idea, and he seemed pretty enthusiastic about it. Mostly, I think he was just glad we weren't gonna spend the next two years digging a hole.

I asked Rocky to dig out some stones to put in the time capsule, and that's when he got odd.

I told Rocky that if he put some of his Christmas presents in the time capsule, people in the future would get some really cool stuff when they opened the box. Rocky told me I wasn't far from right. I wasn't getting any of my Christmas presents in the time capsule. So I had to explain to him that the people in the future would think we were really lame if they opened the box and it was filled with clothes and books.



Then I told Harvey I'd throw in three dollars of my credit money to prove I was making something. Now that seemed to be reason to convince him to look over one of his new video games and a couple of other things.

I actually had a secret plan that I didn't mention Harvey at all. I knew that getting the cash in the form of cash was a smart move, because that money is gonna be worth a LOT more than \$3.00 in the future.

So basically whenever I take the two deposits will prove that in time and reward me for making them with.



I wrote a little note and put it in the box just to make sure the person who finds it knows exactly who to thank.

To whom it may concern  
This cash is from  
Greg Matfay  
12 Surrey Street

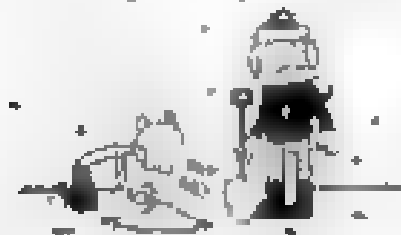
He and Winley found a shoe box and we all we  
we stuff in it. Then we sealed it up with some  
packing tape.

I wrote a little note on the outside of the box  
to make sure it didn't get opened by mistake.



After that we put it in the hole we dug yesterday and buried it as best we could.

I kind of wish Rowley had put some more sticks into digging the hole, because our two captives must really have all the energy they possibly can use now. I, because I intend to stay there for at least a few hundred years.

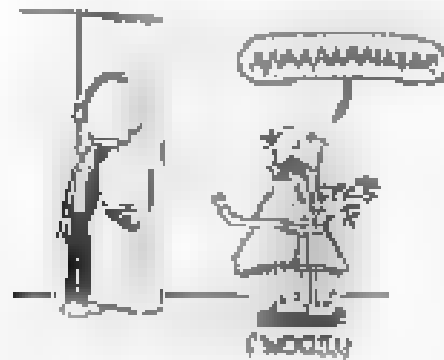


Monday

Well, we were just off to a rapid start when I got out of bed. Mom's brother-in-law's where it usually is hanging on my doorknob.

I asked Mom if she took the robe back, but she said she didn't. So I have a Feeling Dad had something to do with it.

A couple of days ago, I figured out a way to combine the bathrobe experience and the laundry cost experience, and I don't think Dad really approved of my idea.



I figure he either lost the robe or got rid of it. Here's what I think of it. Dad made a run to the laundry last night after dinner, so that's probably not a good sign.

Anyway, if Dad did get rid of the robe, it might be the first time he's stolen someone's personal property. You know how Mommy likes to be trying to get along the picture?

Yesterday morning Dad got out of every single one of Murray's blankets.

Well, Murray totally freaked out. The only way Mom could get him to calm down was to dig out his old blanket, this thing he calls "fuzzy".

Fuzzy turned out to be the blanket that Mom bought for Murray's first birthday, and it was just what he needed.



Murray carried that thing around with him everywhere he went. He wouldn't even let Mom take it away from him so she could wash it.

It started falling apart, and by the time Murray was five, the blanket was basically a couple of pieces of yarn held together by stitches and kangaroo.

I think that's when Mommy started calling me  
lovedest Tuggs



For the past couple of days Mamma been  
dragging Tuggs around the house just like he  
did when he was a baby and I'm been trying  
to stay out of his way as much as possible



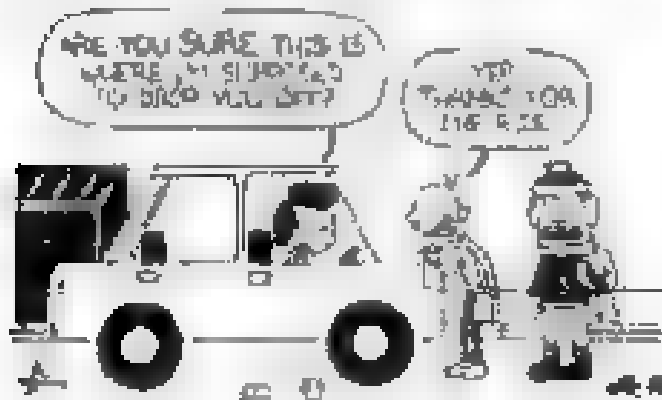
Wednesday

I'm getting ready and is waiting to school every  
day so that morning I missed Mom & the world.  
from me and Tuggs. The reason I didn't ask her  
was because Mom's car is covered in all these  
embarrassing bumper stickers and kids at my school  
are teased when it comes to that sort of thing.

I've tried erasing the bumper stickers off, but whatever kind of gas they put in these things is meant to last until the end of time



Today me and Rowley got a ride from Mom, but I only had to let me see BEIJING was online





Well, I made the dumb mistake of leaving my backpack in the car, so they brought it to me in fourth period. And of course the police ~~think~~ to finally start going to the gym.



It was just my luck, too. Fourth period is the only time I have a class with Kelly Hite, and I've been trying to make a good impression on her this year. I figure the incident probably got me back about three weeks.

I'm not the only one who's trying to impress Kelly, it's a lot. I think just about every boy in my class has a crush on her.

hully is the fourth-priciest girl in the class, but the top three all have boyfriends. So a lot of guys like me are doing everything they can to get in good with her.

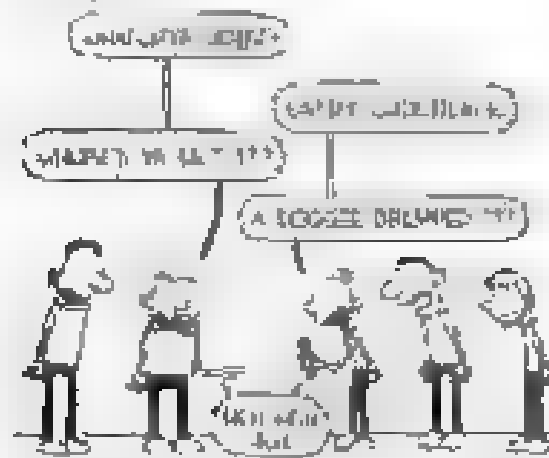
I've been trying to come up with an angle to separate myself from the rest of the geeks at the U.S. Hills. And I think I finally figured it out. Here.

See, the kids in my class are like *themselves* when it comes to jokes. To give you an idea of what I'm talking about, here's the kind of thing that passes for comedy at my school -

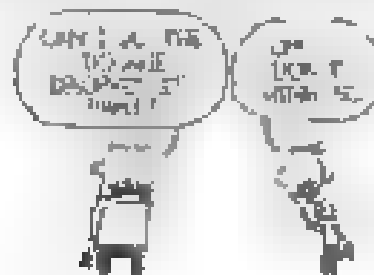


Anytime folks in the class I make fun I use my best material.

I've been using Maudie as my comedy partner,  
and I've actually learned her on a couple of comedy  
shows years.



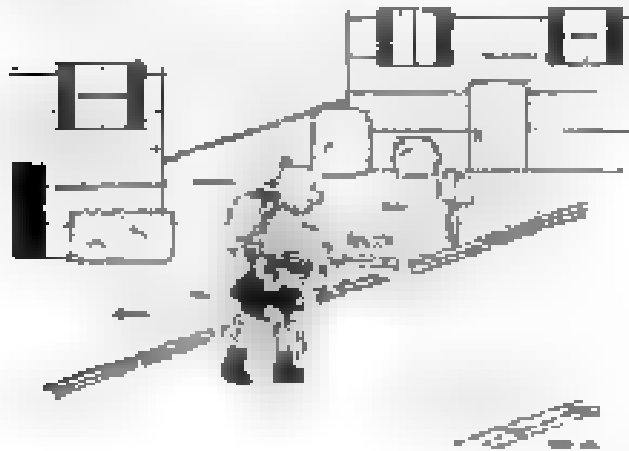
The same problem is, Maudie is wanting to get a little  
stronger, where she gets to say what she wants  
about the partnership & makes sure not being, then



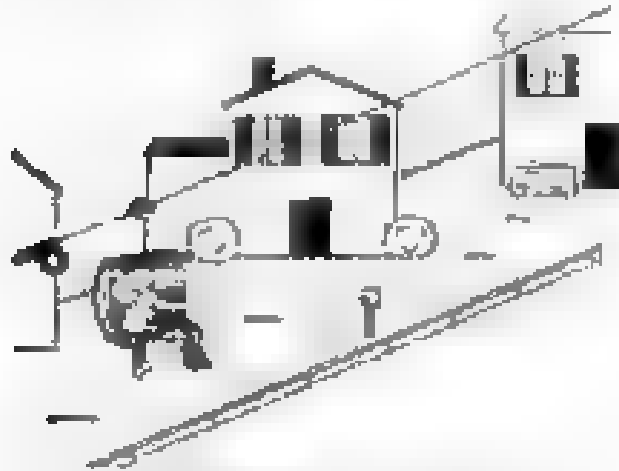
Friday

well, I talked my mom about getting a ride from there so I'm back to walking to school. But when I was heading home with Remy this afternoon, I seriously don't think I had the energy to make it up the hill to my house. So I asked Remy if he'd give me a piggyback ride.

Remy definitely jump at the idea, so I told the owner how that we're here friends and this is the end of some best friends do for each other to leave, even when I almost became the best friend for him.



I have a feeling this was a one time thing,  
though because Randy was completely wiped out  
by the time he dropped me off at my house. You  
know if the school is going to take away our bus  
ride home, the least thing we can do is pretend it  
didn't even happen.



Let's make the principal forget five faces with my  
suggestion, but I haven't heard anything back yet.

When I got to my house I was pretty tired  
then. My new thing is that I take a nap every  
day after school.

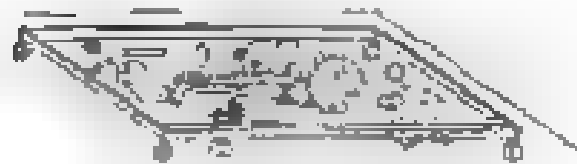
In fact, I LOVE for my super sleeping alarm clock is the only way I can really manage my bedtime, and on most days the minute I get there, I'm in bed.



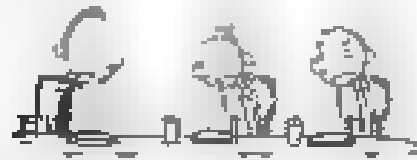
I'm actually kind of nervous on nights on sleeping. Once I'm out, I can sleep through just about anything.

The only person I know who's better at sleeping than me is Bill! He, and here's the reason I say that. A couple of weeks ago, Bill had to order Rafael a new leg because he's worn his out. So the architect you came to have had and was small and his spring away.

When they came, Mosiah was in the middle of his winter-snow nap. So they took his tail away, and he just slept on the floor, right in the middle of his empty bed frame.



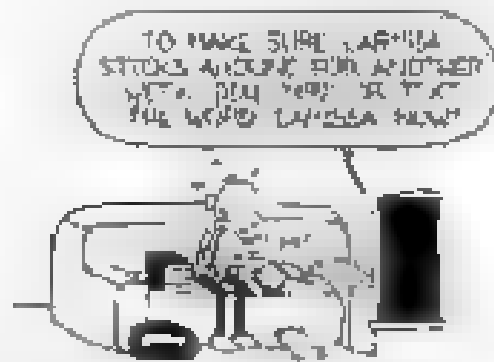
The thing I'm worried about is that Dad is going to buy an electric-snow maker. I'm starting to get the feeling he's still at work on the new or is up for almost every night.



Friday

well I hate to admit that but I think my naps are starting to have an effect on my grades.

So, I used to do my homework when I got home from school, and then I watched TV at night. Later I've been trying to do my homework WHILE I watch TV, and sometimes that doesn't work out too good.



I had this four-page English paper due today, but last night I kind of got caught up in this show I was watching. So I had to try to write the whole thing on the computer late during recess today.

I didn't have a lot of time to do my research, so I played with the margins and the font size as often as what I had to four pages. But I'm pretty sure this should be good and we can see it.



# CRIMPS

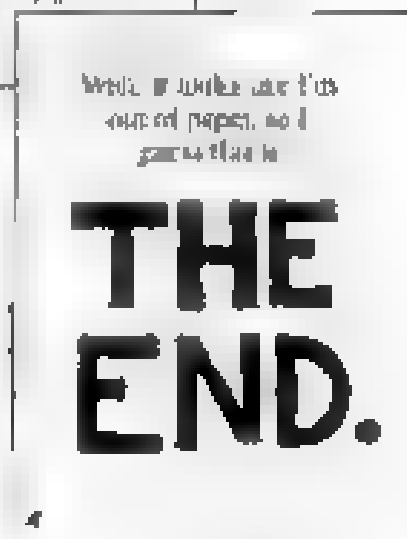
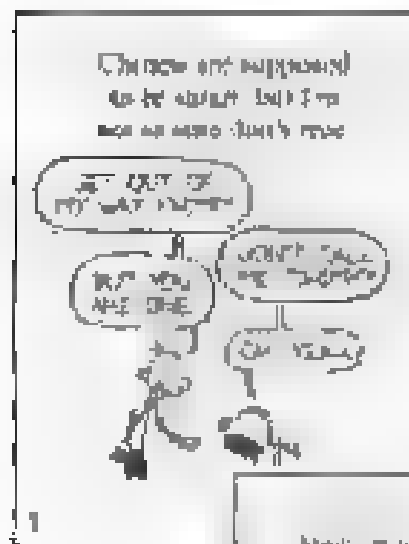
A FOUR-PAGE PAPER BY

GREG  
REFFELEY

There is a  
good reason for  
"crimps" the short

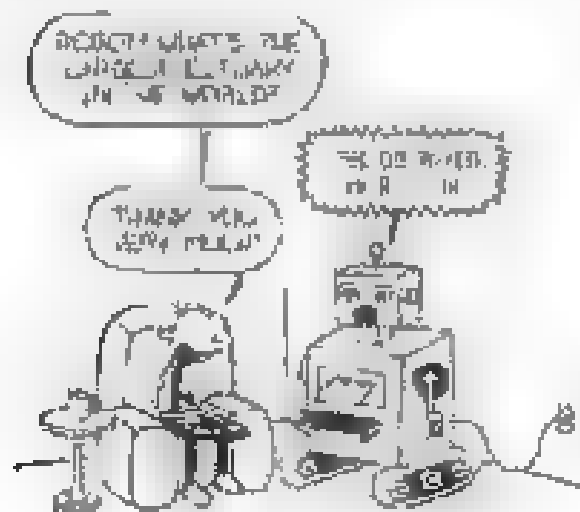


A crimp is the  
subject of the paper  
you are looking at now  
Read right now



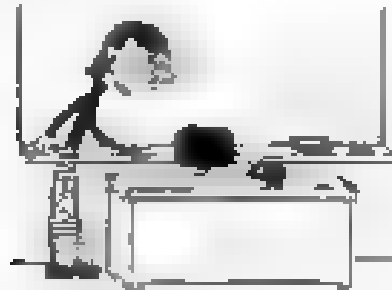
Yesterday I actually got a letter from a girl in Geography. But in my defense I was really bad at the study for the quiz and watch football at the same time.

To be honest with you I don't think teachers should be making assignments all this stuff is being made because of the future everyone is going to have a personal robot that tells you whatever you could be know.



speaking of mistakes today Mrs. Long was in a really bad mood. That's because the big dictionary that usually sits on her desk was missing.

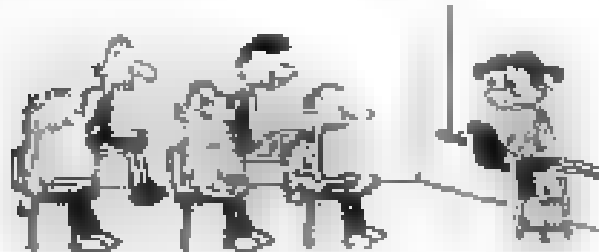
I'm sure someone just borrowed it and forgot to put it back. But the worst Mrs. Long kept saying was "grrrrr."



Mrs. Long said that if the dictionary wasn't returned to her desk before the end of the year she was keeping everyone aside for revenge.

Then she told us she was going to leave the room, and that if the culprit returned the dictionary to her desk, there wouldn't be any consequences, and there would be no questions asked.

Mrs. Craig made Betty Forrest clean her desk and  
 told the other Betty Forrest that job as their mother  
 really worked, and when there is strange nobody  
 doesn't stop all of her.



I was just hoping the person who took the  
 dictionary could carry up and come down,  
 because I had two versions of chemistry with  
 for work.

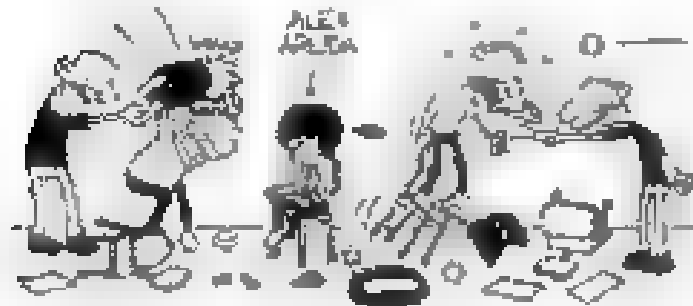


But nobody did come forward. And nice enough.  
Mrs. Craig took to her prison and kept us inside  
for weeks. Then she said she was gonna keep us  
inside every day until the doctoring was returned.

Friday

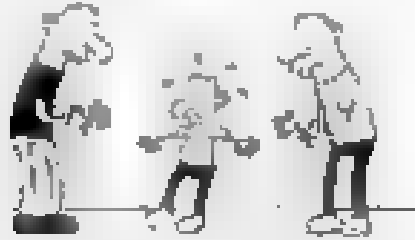
Mrs. Craig had kept us inside for the past three  
days and I'd run out twice. Today Perry Farrell  
was here so Mrs. Craig put Alex Arde in  
charge of the room while she was gone.

Alex is a good student, but people aren't afraid  
of Alex the way they are of Perry Farrell. As  
soon as Mrs. Craig left the room, it was complete  
pandemonium.

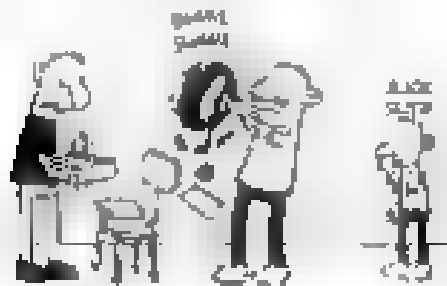


A couple of guys who were sick of getting stuck  
made for review every day decided to try and  
figure out who took Mrs. Grange's diamond.

The first person they interrogated was this kid  
named Larry Lamb. I think Larry is named  
one on the list of suspects because his name and  
he's always using big words.



Larry figured up to the crime in no time flat.  
But it turns out he may not be able to do it because  
the property made him sick.



The next kid on the list was Peter Lynn, and before you knew it Peter was confessing, too.



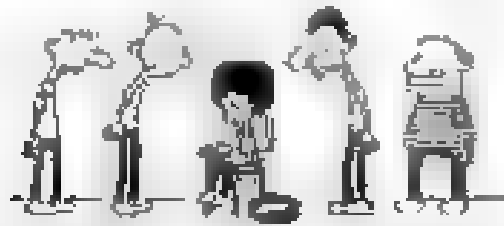
I figured it was just a matter of time before these guys cornered me. So I knew I had to come up something fast.

I've read enough Sherlock Holmes books to know that sometimes it takes a little bit of guess work at a crime. And I figured + anyone could crack this case + was Alex Arlida.

So we and a couple of other guys who were worried about getting busted went over to Alex to see if he could help us out.



his tale. Also we needed him to solve the mystery of who told Mrs. Grange's name, but he didn't even know what we were talking about. I guess Mrs. had been so wrapped up in his book that he hadn't even noticed what had been going on around him for the past couple of days.

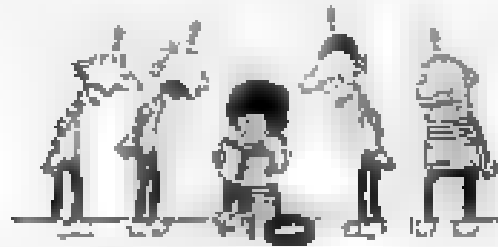


But Mrs. Grange's story made it hard being there, so Mrs. Grange's punishment hadn't had a big effect on his life.

After that, Mrs. Grange was sent to the store of Sherlock Grange's book, too, so he said he would keep us if we paid him five books. Well, that was totally unfair, because Sherlock Grange only wanted a book. But we and the other kids agreed it was worth it, and we paid him money, then looked over the five books.

We led out of the back of the case to Alex, but we didn't know a whole lot. Then we asked Alex if he could get us pointed in the right direction.

I expected Alex to start talking names and about some movies or maybe books, but all he did was show the book he was reading and show the cover to us. Alex you're not gonna BELIEVE this, but it was Max Craig's dictionary.

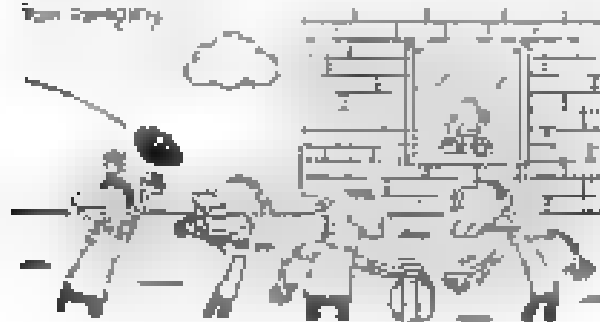


Alex said he'd been studying the dictionary to get ready for the state spelling bee next month, and that I couldn't learn how to know BELIEVE as good as he did back. So, guess there was no time to waste completing, because Max Craig was gonna be back in the room at any second.

Cory took grabbed the book from Alex and put it on Mrs. Craig's desk. But she walked to the room & got it that minute.



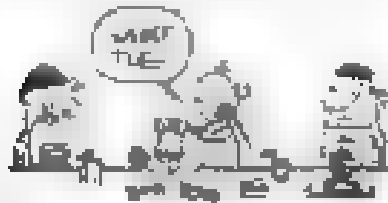
Mrs. Craig ended up getting back at her about "no consequences" games. so Cory took a guess he started the next three weeks about doing tests...walking on the tightrope... though at least he'd have Alex there to keep him company.



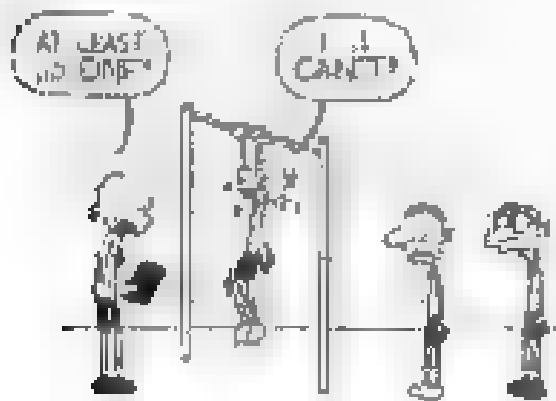
## FEBRUARY

Tuesday

Nothing day in the afternoon, when I expected not my lunch bag. I got THREE FILETS—and no snacks.



There was a severe leg problem. Mom always packs a quiche or meatloaf or something in my lunch bag, and it usually the only thing I eat, but I had no energy for the rest of the day.



When I got home, I asked Mom about the deal  
was with the two matt things. She said she  
always kept enough insects to last in the whole  
week, so one of the boys was to pass the sticks  
out of the bin in the laundry room.

I'm sure Mom thinks I'm the one storing the  
sticks, but believe me, I already learned my  
lesson about doing I-uh

Last year I had more out of the bin, but I  
nearly paid the price for it when I squished  
my hand bag at school and pulled out Mom's  
substitute snail.



Then all kinds of new ideas came into my head and my words.

Let's see, I really depend on the bus to get to school that way. I almost fell asleep in Mr. Simpson's class at math yesterday but luckily I snapped awake when my head hit the back of my chair.



When I got home, I told Mom it wasn't her business she was getting the tickets and I was having to sleep. But she said she wasn't going to go getting sleeping with the end of the week and that I'd just have to "make do" and that.

But wasn't any help either. When I complained to him, he just made up a quantity for anyone caught smoking outside, which was ten dollars and five more grams for a week." So obviously he thinks it's better to let Rodrick

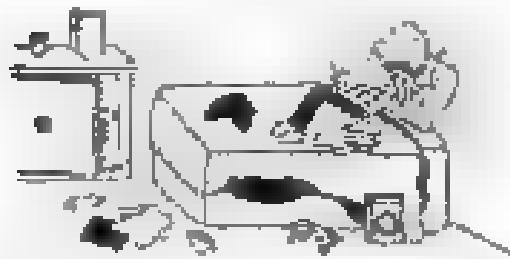
do it. I said, it's not ME, but I thought Dad might be right about Rodrick, so when Dad let me go up to the bathroom after dinner, I walked down to his room to see if I could find any wrappers or crumles.

But while I was peering around in Rodrick's room, I heard his coming downstairs. I had to hide quick, because for some reason Rodrick gets really upset and at times when he catches me in his room, like he did yesterday.



Right before I could get to the bottom of the stairs, I fell into the dark closet and shut the door. Radrat waited in the room, then, slipped on his feet and called his friend Ward.

Radrat and Ward called FLEEVES, and I was starting to think I might have to spend the night in that dark.



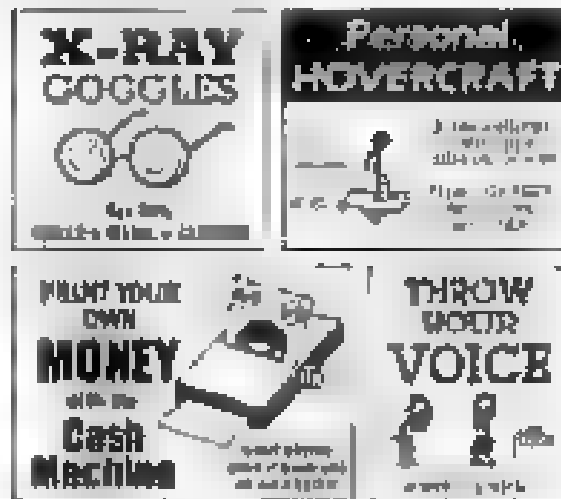
Radrat and Ward got into a pretty heated debate about whether or not a person could sleep up while standing with their hands and I started to tell them I was going to turn up my head a-ways, right around there, the phone's battery died. When Radrat went upstairs to get the spare phone, I made a run for it.



That much thing wouldn't even be an issue if I  
had money. If I did, I could just buy something  
from the vending machine or what every day.

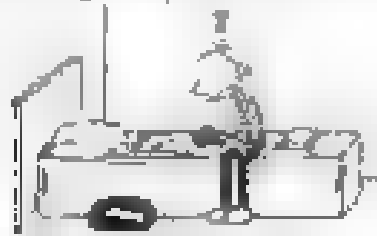
At the moment, though, I'm kind of broke.  
That's because I wasted all my money on some  
junk I won't even like.

About a month ago, I saw these ads in the  
back of one of the comic books, and I went away  
for a couple of things that were supposed to  
"help" change my life.

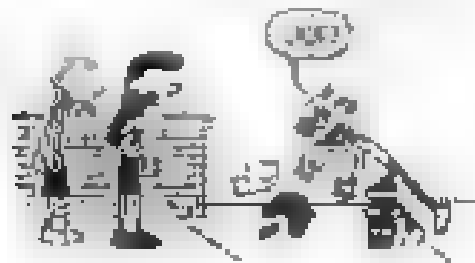


I started treating my child in the end about two weeks ago.

The Cash Machine turned out to be some stupid machine where you have to insert your Quill's money in the secret slot for 4 to work. And that wasn't good, because I was really counting on that thing to get us out of having to send a job order. I gave up.

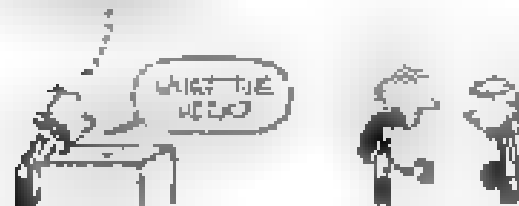


The Air-Pay Goggles just made you see better and were good, so that was a help, too.



The Three Year Plan thing didn't work on Alderson though I followed the instructions to the book.

7th AM 5:45  
7th AM 10:15



But the man I had the highest hopes for was the Personal Historiographer. I figured getting home at 4<sup>th</sup> would be a bonus and my material's family spread up in the man.

SO LONG,  
BUCKERS!



Well I got the postage today but there wasn't a handwritten note. There was just a slip that said that to BUILD a handwritten, and I got stuck on Step One.

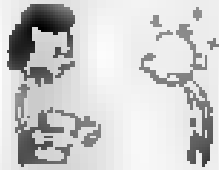


I just can't believe that people who write these ads can get away with saying to kids like that. I thought about hiring a lawyer to sue these guys but lawyers cost money, and also I and lawyers, the Cash Machine was a piece of garbage.

Thursday

Today, when I got home from school, Matt was waiting for me, and we didn't wait for supper. It turns out the school must have put-quarter report notes and also got the real letters I could intercept it.

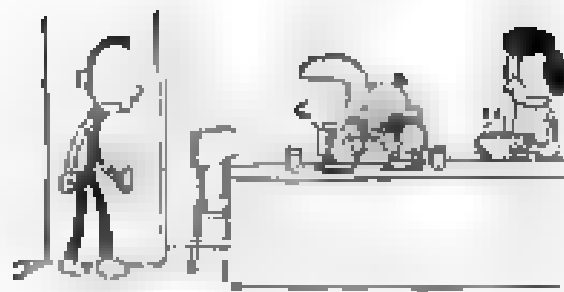
Mom showed me the report card, and it wasn't pretty. Then she said we were going next for Dad to get him to see what HE thought.



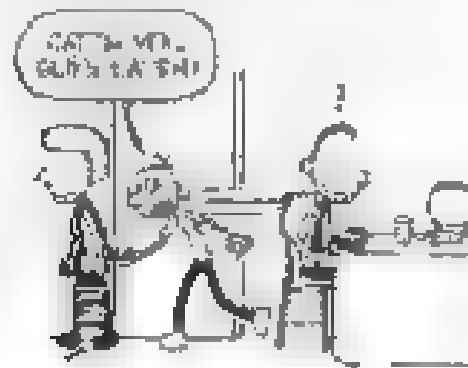
Mom wanted for Dad to get home when you are in trouble at the WILF's! I used to just hide in the closet but recently I figured out a better way to handle it. Now, whenever I get in trouble I ask Grandma to come over for dinner, because Dad's not gonna get mad at me if Grandma's around.



At dinner, I made sure I sat in the seat right next to Grandma.



Monday Mom didn't mention my report card during dinner. And when Grandma said she needed to have us go to Bingo, I tagged right along with her.

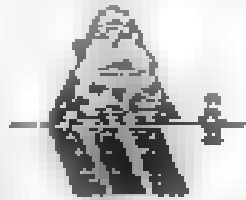


Escaping Dad wasn't the ONLY reason I went to Bingo with Grandma. I also went because I needed a creative way to make some money.

I figured spending a few hours with Grandma and her Buggs friends was a pretty good price to pay for a week's worth of snacks & fun & something unusual in the school cafeteria.

Grandma and her friends are EXHAUSTED at Buggs, and they're not happy about it, *man*. They have all sorts of gear like Wacky Warriors and 'Buggs Traps' and stuff like that to help them out.

One of Grandma's friends is so good that she memorizes all her words, and she doesn't even NEED to use a thesaurus to come up with all.



For some reason, tonight Grandma and her friends weren't working like they usually do. But then, at the 'Great All' game, I got very square. I pulled out B.O.B.O. and laid, and the clerk came over to check my work.

It turns out I messed up and covered a couple of squares that I shouldn't have. The staff commented that my son was so good and everyone else in the room was pretty happy that they could keep playing.

Gregory said he was so out of sync direction to myself & I asked out Diego again. Because the regulars don't like it when a new person comes.

I thought Gregory was pulling my leg. But not exactly. His regulars don't like it when a new person comes to play with me. And I have to adjust. He did not get easily with.



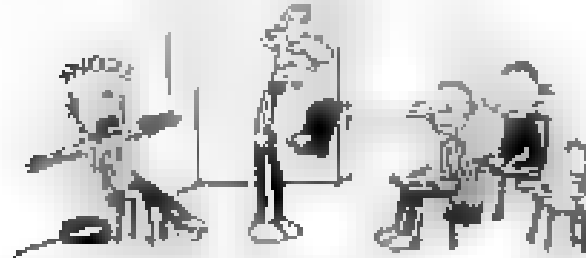
Friday

Well today wasn't exactly my best day ever. For starters, I showed my leaves out to a probably really bad idea to have started out right instead of spending the hour at Diego.

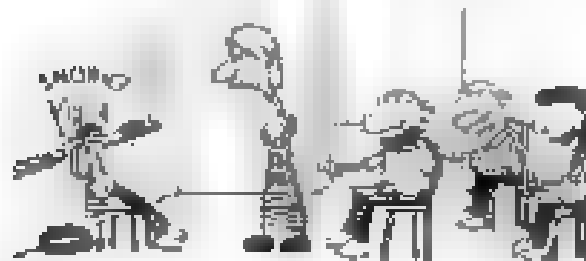


I AM sitting in math period today, and this time I was not COLD - Mr. Whitten had no choice as to get me to make up. At a punishment, I had to sit in the front of the room.

That was just fine with me, because as long as I was there I could sleep in peace.



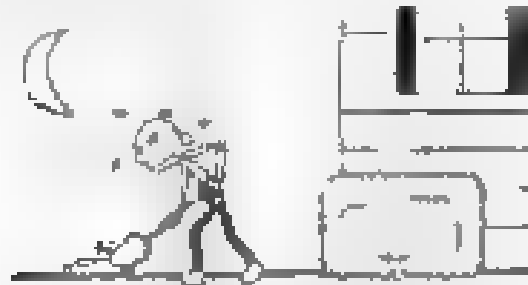
I just wish someone would make me up when math period ended, because I didn't make up until the NEXT period started.



The class I woke up in was taught by Mrs. Lacey. Mrs. Lacey gave me detention and the Monday I've given her to stay after school to serve it.

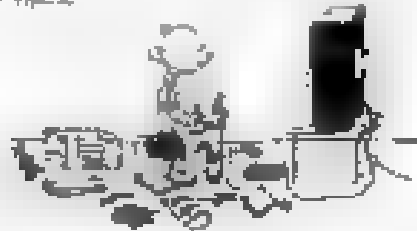
Tonight I was totally jittery from my anger and nervousness but I didn't have any money to go buy a soda or candy from the convenience store. So I did something I've not yet found out.

I went to Raulo's and dug up the two rapists who lived in the front yard. But I only did it because I was desperate.



I took the two rapists back to my house, opened them up, and got out my three blades. Then I went down to the convenience store and bought myself a big soda, a pack of gum, some, and a candy bar.

I guess I lost a little and that the time capsule we had buried just together didn't stay buried for a few hundred years. Or the other kind - a kind of rant that one of us got to open it, because we had actually got some really great stuff in there.



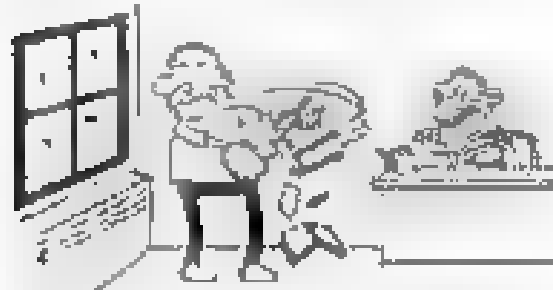
Monday

I didn't really know what the impact from detention was when I walked into the room, she just thought I had said, 'I don't belong in here with these fiction writers.'

I took the only empty seat, which was right in front of me + a row of four others.



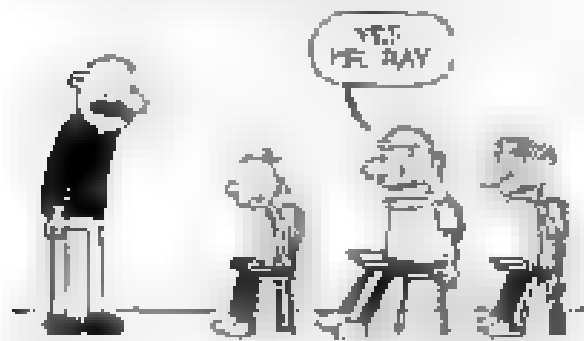
Leon is not the brightest kid in our school. He was in detention because of what he did when a group landed on the window in homeroom.



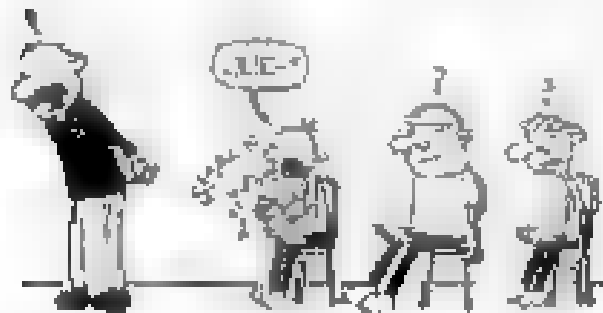
I found out that all you do in detention is sit there and wait for it to be over. You're not allowed to read or do your homework or ANYTHING, which is a pretty dumb rule considering that most of the kids in there wait really all the entire study time.

Mr. Ray was the moderator and he never let us kept on up on us. But every time Mr. Ray looked away Leon would stick my ear or give me a hint when or something like that. Eventually Leon got caught and Mr. Ray caught Leon with his finger in my ear.

Mr. Ray said if he caught I would punish me again,  
he would agree to be in SEC trouble.

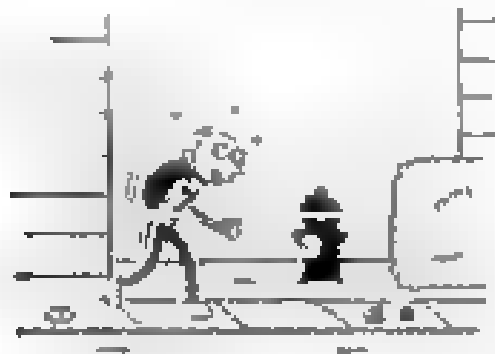


I knew a man was just gonna go back to hugger  
me so I decided to give a step to 1. As soon  
as Mr. Ray's trip was turned, I clapped my  
hands together to make it seem like I was let me.



Mr. Pay turned around and said "Look he was gonna have to stop anyway he I hear" and that was his last distraction again TOMORROW

On the way home, I was wondering if I made the smartest move back there at the school. I'm not exactly the fastest runner, not a half hour isn't that big of a head start.

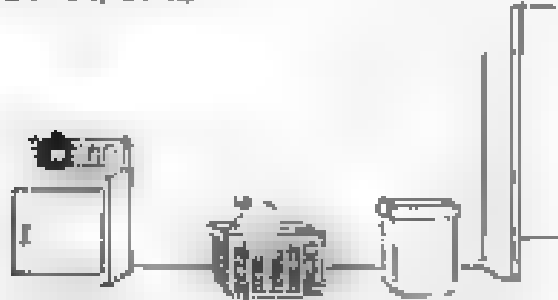


Tuesday

Though I realized all of my current problems can be traced back to when someone in my family started stealing the anti-anxiety so I decided to catch the thief once and for all.

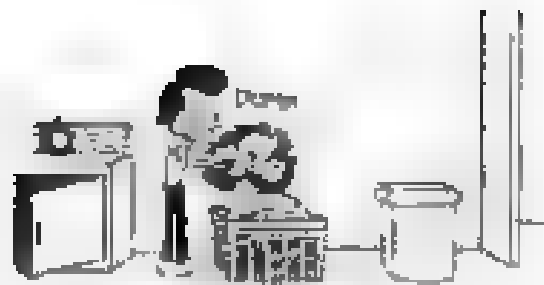
I knew Mimi had gone grocery shopping after the meal and so there was a fresh supply of sticks in the laundry room. That means the stick that was pretty much guaranteed to stick.

After dinner I went in the laundry room and turned off the light. Then I climbed in an empty basket and waited.



About a half hour later, someone came in the room and turned on the light, so I hid under a towel. But it turns out it was just Mimi.

I stayed very quiet and while she got clothes out of the dryer, Mimi didn't return to the room and she dumped the clothes from the dryer right into the bin where I was hiding.



Then the water out of the pump, and I worked some more. I was seriously ready to quit then all right if that's what it took.

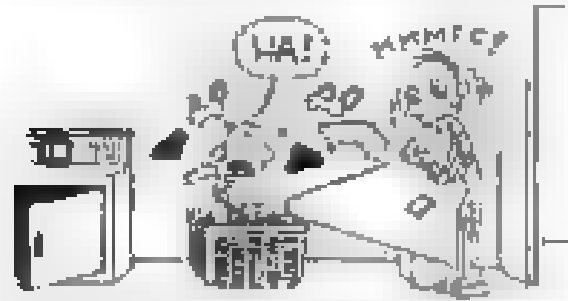
But the water from the pump was really warm and I started feeling a little dizzy. And before I knew it, I was asleep.



I don't know how many hours I slept, but what I do know is that I woke up to the sound of crashing explosions.



When I heard the sound of clearing, I turned on my flashlight and caught two third red mammals



It was Dad! Mom, I should have known it was him from the start. When it comes to just food, he's a total ADDICT.

I started to give Dad a piece of my mind, but he cut me off. He wasn't interested in talking about why he was stealing our lunch money. What he WAS interested in talking about was what the heck I was doing buried in a pile of Mom's underwear in the middle of the night.

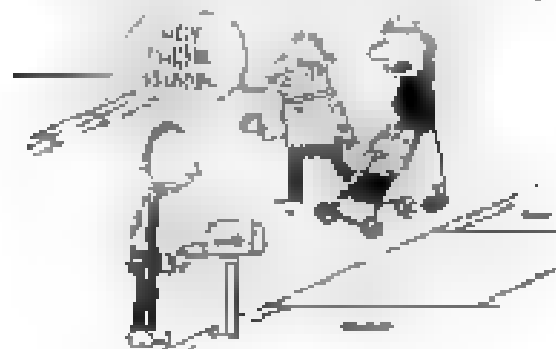
Right at that moment, we heard Mom coming down the stairs.

I think up and Dad noticed how bad the situation looked for both of us, so we each just grabbed as many unopened cans as we could carry and made a run for it.

Wednesday,

I was still really stressed at Dad for stealing my cash money, and I was planning on watching him tonight. But Dad was on bed by 6:00, so I didn't get my chance.

Dad went to bed so early because he was depressed about something that happened when he got home from work. When Dad was getting the mail, or magazines from up the street, the Smiths walked down the hill with their new baby.



The baby's name is Seth, and I think he's about two months old.

Every time the Snellies have a baby, six months later they throw a big "first birthday" party and invite all the neighbors.

The highlight of each Snellie first-birthday party is when the adults line up and try to make the baby laugh. The grandmothers do all these neck, throat and nose CLEANSING tricks on themselves.



I've been to every single Snellie first-birthday party so far, and no baby has laughed once.

Everyone knows the ACA means the Senate gave these half-birthday parties is because their big dream is to win the \$10,000 Grand Prize for "America's Funniest Farticles." That's the TV show where they give huge awards to people sending him in the grossiest fart jokes and stunts ever shared.

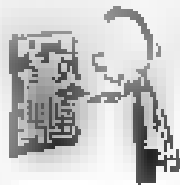
The families are just hoping something really stinky will happen so one of their parties is they are with a no underwear. They're actually getting some party and stuff over the years. During Sam Snicker's last birthday party, Mr. Bitterman split his pants during jumping jacks. And during Scott Snicker's party, Mr. Olson was holding backward, and he fell in the baby pool.



The Snakes passed on those videos, but they didn't see anything. So I guess they're just gonna keep looking 'til they do.

Dad HATES performing in front of people, so he'll do something he can do while having to be like a fuckin' bruce of the damn neighborhood. And so far Dad has executed his way out at every single one of his birthday parties.

At dinner Mom said Dad he didn't go to Jack's candle birthday party in June. And I'm pretty sure Dad knows that was true, but he's a little up.

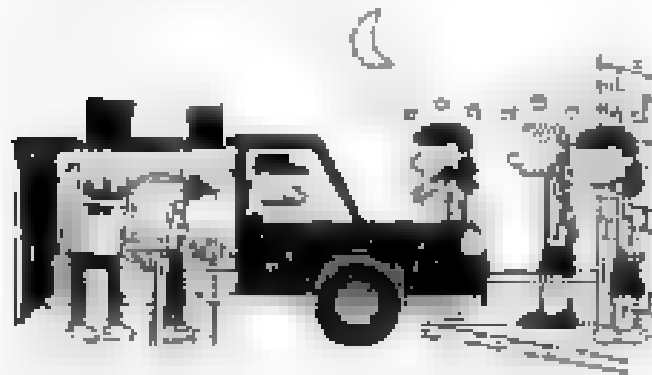


Thursday

Everybody at school was busy talking about the big Valentine's Dance that's coming up next week.

This is the first year at my school that they've actually had a dance, so everyone's all excited. Some of the guys in my class were even asking girls if they would be their dates to the dance.

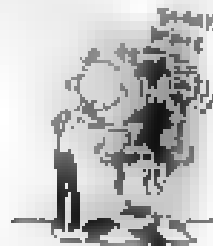
Me and Roney are both basketballers at the moment, but that's not gonna stop us from getting in style.



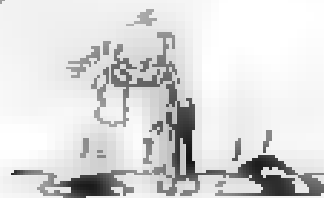
I figured if me and Roney swapped together one today in the next few days, we could have a line for the night. But when I called the law company, the guy who answered the phone called me "Plebe." So that pretty much blew my hopes to hell of getting my business.

Over the course of next week, I realized I was  
going need something to wear.

I'm kind of in a pinch because I've already worn  
most of the clothes I got for Christmas, and  
I'm almost out of clean socks to wear. I went  
through my dirty clothes to see if there was  
anything I could wear a SECOND time.



I separated my laundry into two piles: one  
that I could wear again and one that would  
get thrown away. I then packed the one that  
would get thrown away in a box and took it to  
the laundry store.

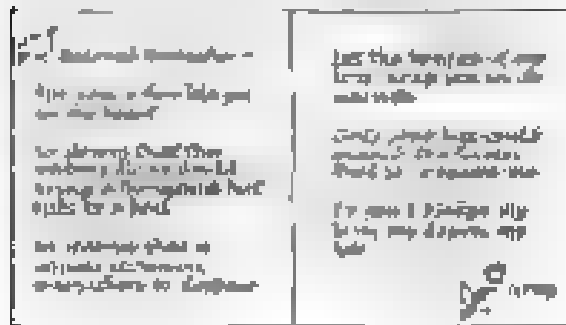


I found a store on the internet one that seems to be back, except I had a jolly store on the internet side. So at the dinner, I'll just have to remember to keep that side to the right of me at all times.

### Adventures Day

I was up into last night making Valentine's cards for the girls in my class. I'm pretty sure my classmate school is the only one in the state that still makes all the kids give cards to one another.

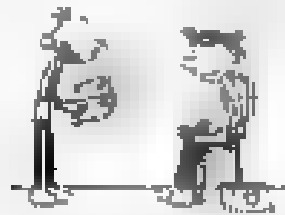
Last year I was actually asking for work to the card shop. The night before Valentine's Day I spent a lot of time making an enormous card for the girl named Katherine who I have a crush on.





I showed them my card to check for spelling errors, but she said what I wrote wasn't "age appropriate." She told me maybe I should just get lost in the woods or something. But I wasn't about to take criticism which from my mother.

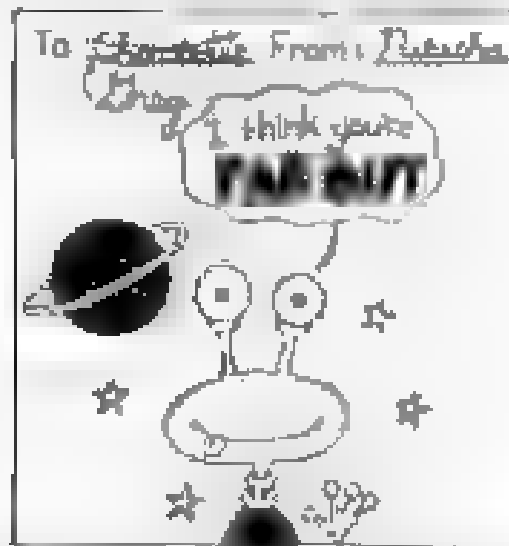
At about everyone went around the room and put their Valentine's cards on one another's desks, but I delivered my card to Marsha personally.



I let her read it, and then I wanted to see what she made for TK.

Marsha dug around in her box and pulled out the thing that looked weird that was supposed to be for her friend Charlotte, who was not such a smart dog.

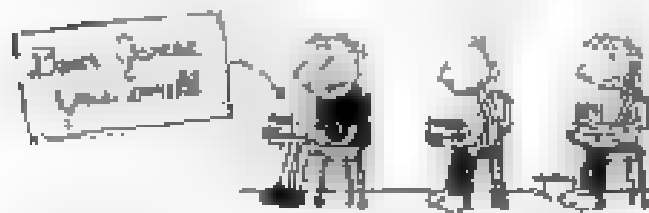
Then the whole printing was just Fred's name  
and put MY name on it instead



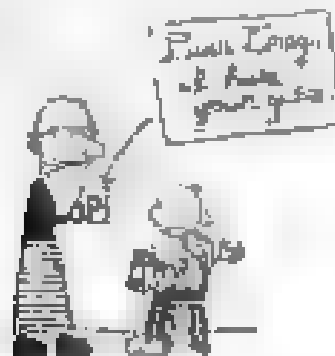
Anyway, you can probably see why I wasn't too  
enthusiastic about this card exchange thing

Last night I came up with a great idea. I  
knew I had to make a card for everyone in the  
class, but instead of being all mushy and saying  
things I didn't really mean, I told everyone  
EXACTLY what I thought of them.

The next one, I didn't actually SIGN any of my cards.



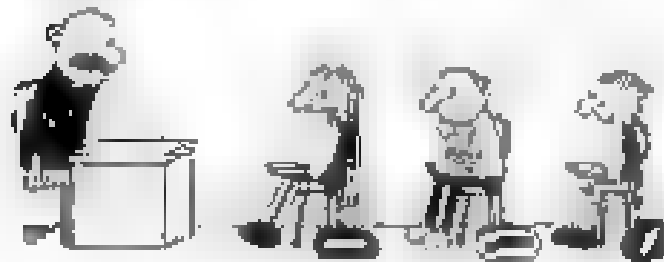
A few of the kids complained about the cards to our teacher, Mrs. Rose, and then she went around the room trying to figure out who sent them. I know Mrs. Rose would think that whoever DIDN'T get a card was the culprit, but I was prepared for that, because I made a card for MYSELF too.



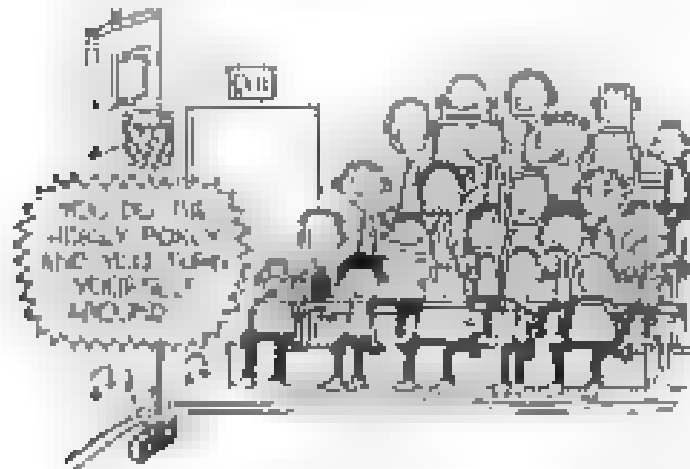
After the card exchange came the Yearbook's  
Dinner. The dinner was as greatly supposed to be  
at NISAT, but I guess they couldn't get  
enough parents in volunteer to be sponsored. So  
they put the dinner around in the middle of the  
school day instead.

The teachers started running everyone up and  
sending them down to the cafeteria at around  
1:00. Anyone who didn't want to rough up the  
two bulls for admission had to go down to Mr.  
Ray's room for study hall.

But it was pretty obvious to most of us that  
"study hall" was basically the same thing as  
detention.

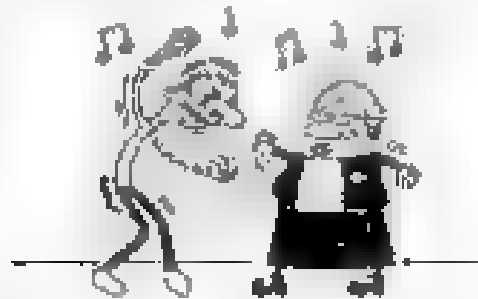


The rest of us stood near the gym and sat in the bleachers. I don't know why, but all the boys sat on one side of the gym and all the girls sat on the other. Once everyone was inside the gym, the teachers started the music. But whenever people got the wrong SKELETON out of touch with what kids are learning in these days.



For the first fifteen minutes of the first period, a music from Mr. Phillips, the guidance counselor and Maria Powell walked to the middle of the gym and started dancing.

I guess Mr. Phillips and Marge Powell thought if THEY started dancing, all the kids would come down onto the floor and join them. At that point, I actually had an ASSURANCE that everyone stayed in their seats.



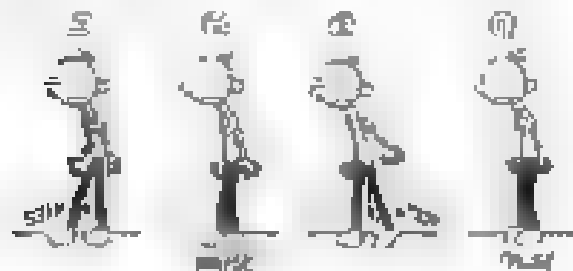
Finally, Mrs. Mung, the principal, grabbed a microphone and made an announcement. She said that everyone in the lunchroom was REQUIRED to come down onto the floor and dance, and it would count for 20% of the Final Exam grade.

At that point or not, a couple of other boys tried to sneak out to go down to Mr. Day's room, but we got caught by some teachers who were blocking the exits.

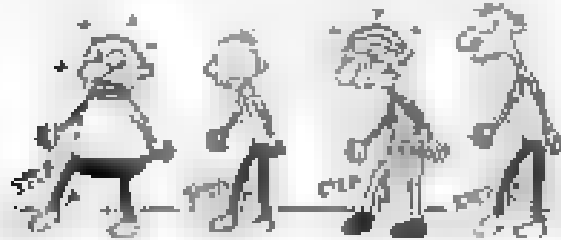
Mrs. Marmy wasn't kidding about the gym class thing, either. He was making friends with Mr. Underwood, the Pops Ed teacher, and he was carrying his graduation with him.



I'm already close to thinking Pops Ed, or I know it was time to get serious. But I didn't want to look like a fool or stupid at the end of my class, either. So I just came up with the simplest move I could do that would technically qualify as "bending."



Unfortunately, a bunch of guys who were interested about the PE thing had spotted me what I was doing, and they came over to where I was. And the next thing I knew I was surrounded by a bunch of dudes who were staring at my crotch.



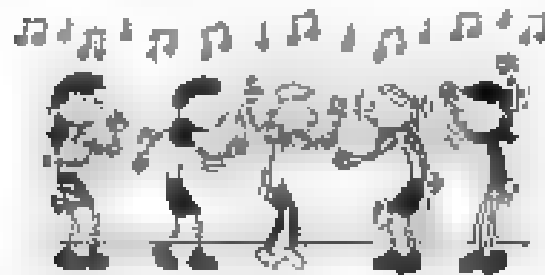
I wanted to get as far away from these guys as I could so I turned around the gym for a place where I could go and dance in peace.

That's when I realized they were across the room, and I remembered why I even bothered coming to the dance in the first place.

They was dancing with her friends in the middle of the gym, and I started doing my crotch dance thing, moving slowly towards them.

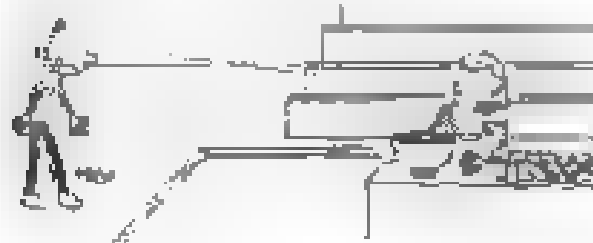


And the girls were clumped together at one big  
patch, and they were dancing like pinball machines,  
greenish, because they spent all that time time  
watching it. ✓



Nelly was right in the middle of the group. I kind  
of danced around the outside of the circle for a  
while, trying to find an opening, but I couldn't.

Finally, Nelly stopped dancing and went to get a  
drink, and I knew it was my big chance.



But just when I was about to go up to Holly and say something sorry, Fragley was flying in out of the hotel fire.



Fragley had just finished watching his tape. He was probably all warmed up at night when the cupcakes you were serving at the restaurant were. As I know for sure is that he TOTALLY needed what should have been a great moment between me and Holly.

A few minutes later, the show was over, and I needed my chance to make a good impression on her. I walked home alone after school, because I just needed a little time by myself.

After dinner Mom said we there was a Valentine's card out in the mailbox with my name on it. When I asked her who it was from, she just said "someone special." I ran off to the mailbox and got the card, and I knew to whom I was pretty excited. I was hoping it was from Rudy, but there are at least four or five other guys at my school who I wouldn't mind getting a card from either.

The card was in a big pink envelope with my name written in red ink. I ripped it open, and here's what I found: a square of construction paper with a piece of candy taped to it. And it was from RUDLEY.



Sometimes I just don't know about that boy.

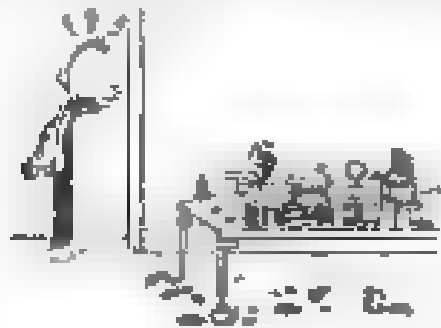
## MARION

Saturday

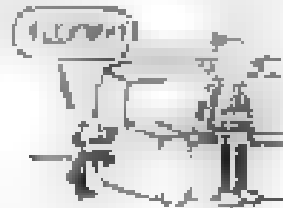
The other day that wonderful Marion, King, on the radio. I don't think Dad knew what it was, so he threw it away.



Ever since that Marion, I have carried the book around, looking for the book, and then of Dad had to tell me that he understood Marion is not real. Marion just had marriage problems by using Susan Lee who had married as a playmate.



Perry's been taking his anger out on me since the time. Today I was sitting at the table just reading my own business and Perry walked up to me and said -

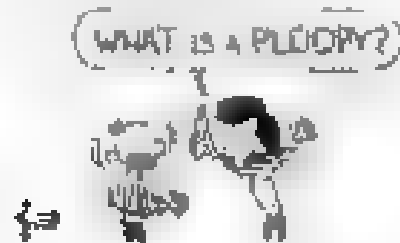


I didn't know if "Perry" was some kind of 10th grade kid word or what but I didn't like the sound of it, so I went to find Perry and ask him if that was what it meant.

Unfortunately, Perry was on the phone and when she's talking with one of her friends, it takes forever to get her attention.

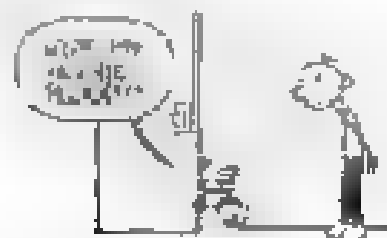


I finally got Mom to stop asking for a second, but she was mad that I interrupted her. I told her Mommy called me "Poopty," and she said —

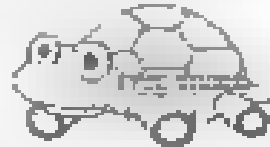


That kind of stuck me for a second, because it's the exact question I was trying to ask HER. I didn't have an answer, so Mom just went back to her conversation.

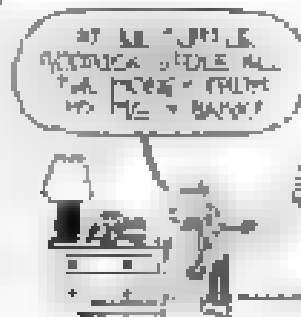
After that, Mommy knew he had a green light to eat his Poopty whenever he wanted, and that's what he's been doing all day.



I guess I should've known that telling me Murray didn't gonna get me anywhere. When me and Ruggins were little we used to be in each other's way so much that it made them angry. So we brought out this thing called the Tattle Turtle to solve the problem.

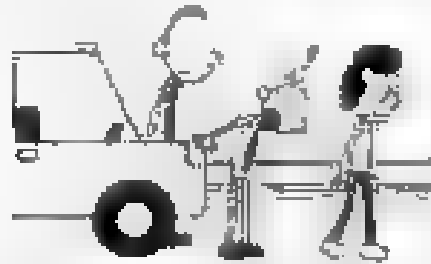


Then come up with the Tattle Turtle and when she caught someone. The idea behind the Tattle Turtle was that if me and Ruggins had a problem with each other, we had to tell the Tattle Turtle instead of them self. The Tattle Turtle would go and report for help but not to make me or my



## Easter

On the car ride to church today I told you I was writing on something sticky. And when I got out and turned around to look at the back of my pants... there was absolutely ALL OVER them.



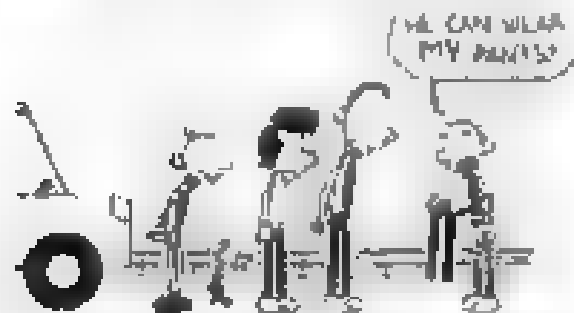
Mommy had brought an Easter bunny with her in this car and I was so busy writing on an all of something.

Mom was trying to get the family made so we could get good seats but I told her there was no WAY I was going to there looking like that.

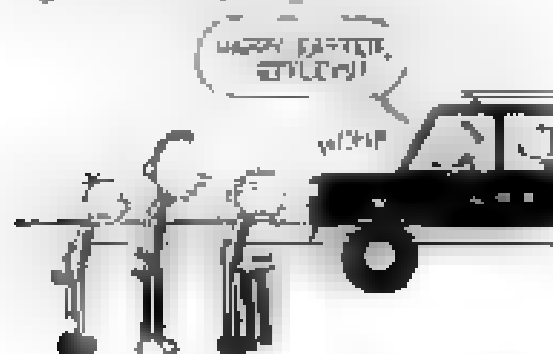
I knew Mrs. Hill and her family were probably already there, and I really don't need her considering if I'd peeped in my pants.



Then the shopping clerk on Easter made an  
 option and we argued back and forth. Then  
 Rainerch showed us with HIS solution.

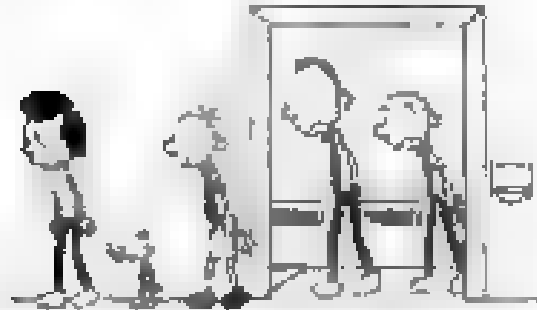


Rainerch knows that enough on \$ some a change  
 at least the least way. So he was just walking  
 but he wanted to get on it. But what at  
 that moment, Dad's knee and his family pulled up  
 alongside of in the parking lot.



Then made Patrick put the papers back on and then she gave me her sweater to be around my neck.

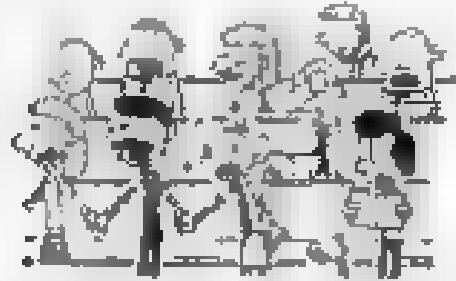
I don't know what was going down but I was with chocolate all over there at hearing Maria's part. Easter sweater this is hit.



Charlie was pretty full. The only seats that were empty were right up front where Uncle Joe and his family were sitting, so we sat next to them.

I looked around and I spotted Billy still and his family three rows back. I was pretty sure she couldn't see what I was wearing from the front door, so that was a relief.

As soon as the music started up, Uncle Joe started out to hold hands with me and his wife, and he started singing.



I tried to break free a couple of times, but Uncle Joe was on iron grip. The song was only like a minute long, but to me it felt like half an hour.

After the song was over I turned to the people behind me, pointed at Uncle Joe, and made the "tuckoo" sign as everyone knew I meant oh boy with that holding-hands thing.



Somewhere in the middle of church, there passed a basket around so people could give money to help the needy.

I didn't have any money of my own so I whispered to Mom so see if she would give me a dollar. Then, when the basket came to us, I made a big deal of putting the dollar in the basket to make sure they could see how generous I was.

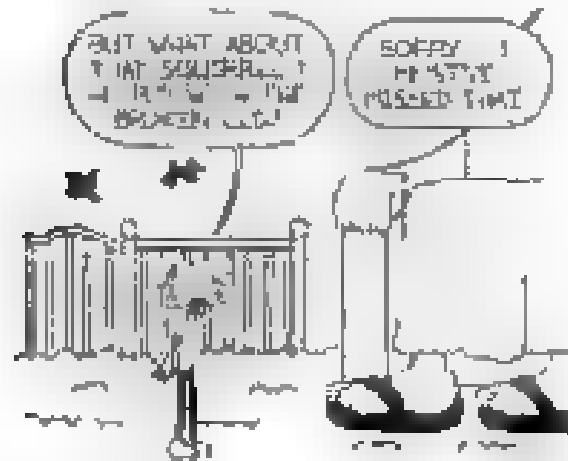


But when I put the money in the basket, I realized they had given me a **TWENTY** not a single. I tried to grab the basket for quick change, but it was too late.

All I ran my at, I better get some pocket money for that **Twenty** donation.

I've heard that when you do good deeds, you're expected to tell all people about it. But that doesn't really make a whole lot of sense to me.

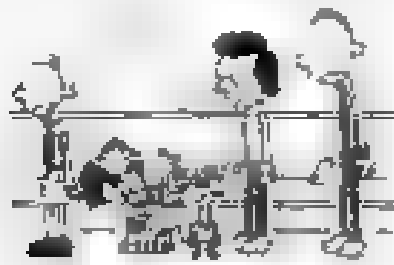
If I start listing my good deeds, I'm sure I'll just regret it later on.



As I said before, the Easter service is SIXPM long. One of the songs was going on for about five minutes, and I started looking for ways to entertain myself.

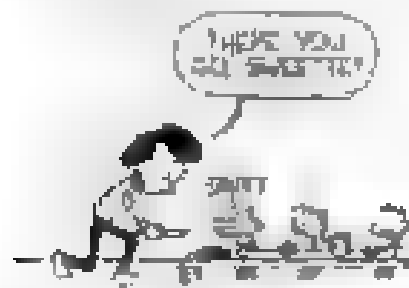
The way that Mubrik keeps himself busy when  
his bored is by picking on the duck on the back  
of his hand that he never lets hurt. but I'm not  
really interested in going that route.

Manny had to MAKE in church. Mom and Dad are  
handing in sacks of stuff with us to keep him  
entertained. Believe me, Mom and Dad never let  
me bring anything to church when I was his age.



Mom and Dad ALWAYS tease Manny though,  
and I'll give you an example of what I'm talking  
about. Last week Manny was at preschool, and  
when he opened up his lunchbox his sandwich was  
not in HAIR, not in QUARTERS, the way he  
lets it.

Murray threw a huge jagged tantrum, and the teachers had to call Mom for the last week and drive all the way down to Murray's school to make the extra hour.



Anyway, I was thinking about this at church, and all of a sudden I got an urge to my coach. I hurried over to Murray and whispered:

(GROAN)

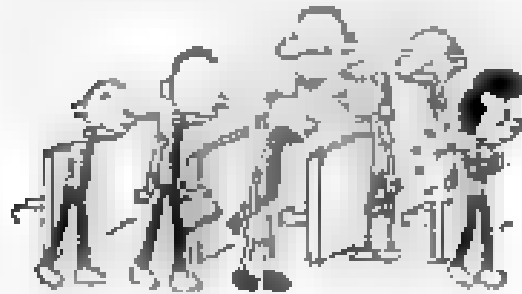


Well, Murray completely 'LOST' it.

He started BOWING, and everyone in the church turned their heads and eyes. Even the minister stopped talking to me about what was going on.

Mom wanted to calm Murray down so we had to leave. Instead of waiting out the side door though, we walked right down the center aisle.

I tried to look as cool as possible when we walked past the Holy Family, but it was pretty tough considering the circumstances.



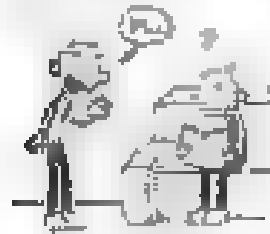
The only person more embarrassed than we was Dad. Dad used to cover his face with the church bulletin, but his sons spotted him and gave Dad the "thumbs up" on that way out.



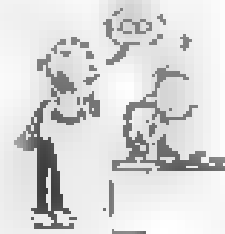
on the way

Things have kind of been tense around the house since the very first day. From what Mom was really mad at us for calling Harry 'Happy,' she had to remind me that she doesn't have one question when I talk to her. So Mom learned the hard way for everyone that she said that if anyone was caught saying it, they'd be grounded for a week. But of course it didn't take long for Rachel to find a loophole.

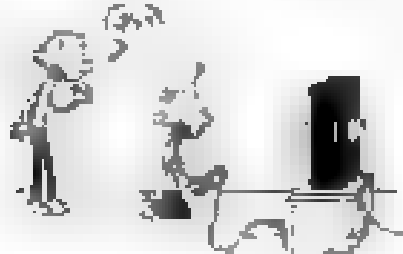
Monday



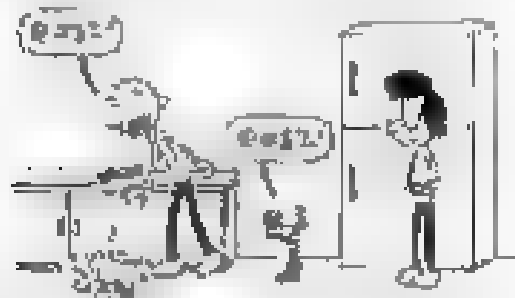
Tuesday



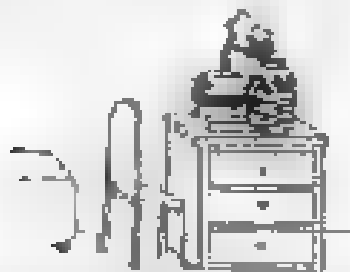
Wednesday



That isn't the FIRST time Mom has banned us from saying certain words in the house. At what took, Mom made a "no swearing" rule, because Mommy was picking up our words left and right.

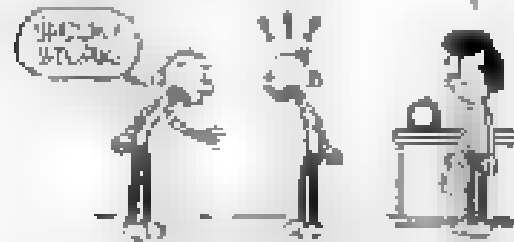


Every time someone said a bad word in front of Mommy, Mom had to put a dollar in her "Sweet Jar." So Mommy was getting rich out of us and Harold.

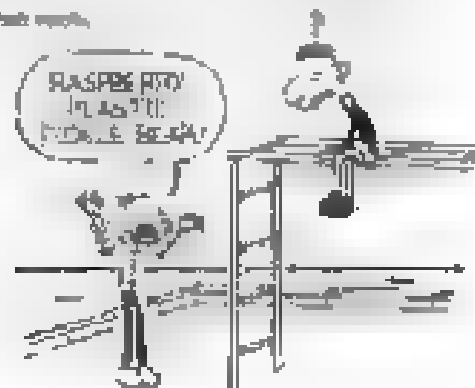


And then Mom agreed two words by banning words like "stupid" and "jerk" and said like that.

To keep from going bankrupt, we and Donald came up with a bunch of ads which first meant the same thing as the banned ones, and later took along their own turn.



Every now and then, I forget to write back when I get to school, and I end up looking dumb. Just today, Donald Blower spit out a piece of gum and it landed in my hair. I really got down with everything I had, but I got up, I went home and wrote.



The other thing that's changed since Easter is that Dad has been on me and Rodrigo more. I guess he's tired of us looking bad in front of his boss Mr. Warren.

Dad made Rodrigo enroll in an SAT class and he made ME sign up for Run League soccer.

Soccer practice was tonight. The coaches lined up all the kids for a skills test where you had to dribble the ball between your knees and stuff like that.

I tried my best but I got weird 7-a-side moves when I'm out a just what we needed for Run League.



At the skills test, they put us on different teams. I was hoping I'd get one of those fun coaches who actually take sports too seriously, like Mr. Proctor or Mr. Galt. But I got the worst one out of the whole bunch, Mr. Little.

Mr. Little is one of those drill sergeant types who likes to yell & let Mr. Little want to be Rodriguez's coach. One has quite a much the coach Rodriguez doesn't do sports any more.



Anyway, our first real practice is tomorrow. Hopefully I'll just get out as I can get back to playing video games. Tonight because it is supposed to snow out here and I loved the AWESOME

Thursday

I got put on a team with a bunch of kids I didn't really know. The first thing Mr. Little did was hand out uniforms, and then he told us to come up with a team name.

I suggested that we call our team the "Jawzup Jawzupz," and got the same look he gave me.



Nobody said my idea through. So I said we should call the team the Red Sox, which I thought was a terrible idea. Then Mr. Little said, the Red Sox are a BASEBALL team, and neither team, our soccer uniforms are BLUE.

But it wasn't everyone who . . . ALL the kids, and that's the name that won out. Then the assistant coach, Mr. Bantz, said he was worried that if we called our team the Red Sox, we might get picked.

I'm pretty sure these guys have better things to do than to go around using people's names around town, but like I said before, maybe we're to listen to Mr. Lincoln.

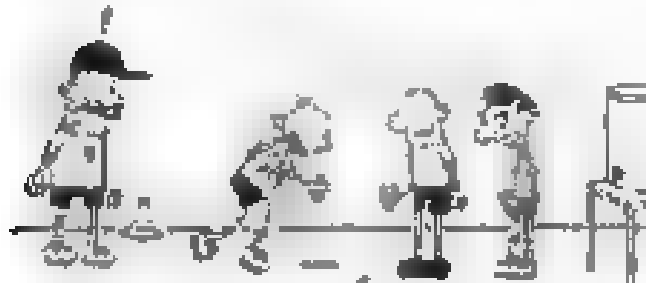
So the town voted to change the name to "Red SOXCKS," and that was final.

After that we started picking Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Bush instead of our boys and the regulars and a bunch of other stuff that had nothing to do with soccer. In between word sports, I hung out by the water tower with the other two Pro Alpha Roman guys. And every time someone was getting back in the field Mr. Lincoln would yell



We and the other guys thought it would be pretty funny if the next time Mr. Litch was there, we all ran at him with our hands shaking out.

So the next time Mr. Litch pulled out to get our books after class, I ran with my right arm pointing at him. But the other guys T-JTA2 - Y hanging out to stop.



Mr. Litch did not appreciate my action at home and he made me run three extra laps.

When Dad picked me up at the end of quarter, I told him that maybe the whole thing wasn't such a good idea and that he should probably just let me go.



That made Dad pretty much as fat and



which was really true at all. I'm a white quarter  
and so is Andrea. And I think Penny is so the  
third or fourth generation by now.

Anyway, I got the feeling that if I'm gonna  
get out of soccer, I'm gonna have to think of  
another angle.

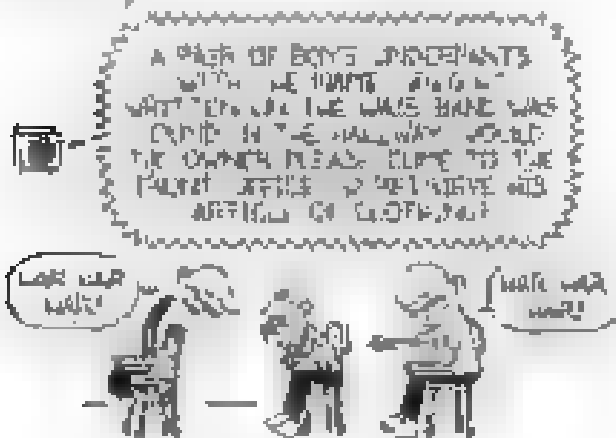
Friday

Ever since I started playing soccer I've been  
going through my clothes twice as quick as I did  
before. I've been really out of clean clothes to  
wear for a while now so I've been going all of  
my clothes out of my soccer wardrobe. But I  
found out today that wearing clothes from the  
soccer wardrobe just can't be easy.

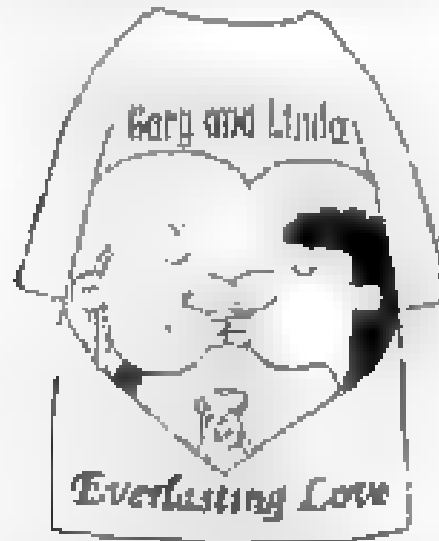
I was walking by some girls in the hallway today, and a pair of dirty underwear fell out of one of my pants legs. I just kept walking and hoped that the girls might think the underwear wasn't actually mine.



But I paid the price for THAT damage later on in the day.

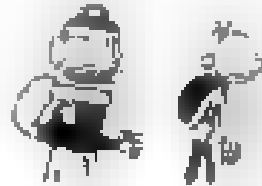


I think I'd better hurry up and learn how to do my laundry, because I'm really running out of options. Tomorrow I'm gonna have to wear a T-shirt I got from my uncle Larry's last wedding and I'm really not looking forward to it.



I was kind of sure in the group on the walls were from about today, but then something happened in church that Friday told me one of his friends from church was having a daughter this weekend, and he asked me if I wanted to come along.

I was about to say "no way," but then Pearce said something that got my attention. He said since having the party here on Pleasant Street which is on the same neighborhood that Ruby still lives in.



At least today I mentioned a couple of men saying that RUBY is having a surprise birthday night, so she could really be the opportunity of a **LIFETIME** for me.

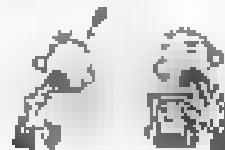


Taught at soccer practice. Mr. Lutz told everyone the position they'd be playing in the fall was open on Sunday.

Mr. Lutz told me I'd be the "Shag," and that sounded pretty cool to me. So when I got home, I brought to Roderick about it.



I thought Roderick would be impressed but he just laughed. He told me that Shag wasn't actually a real position on the field—it's just a boy who carries the ball when it goes out of bounds. Then he showed me a videotape with all the soccer positions, and sure enough, Shag wasn't in it.



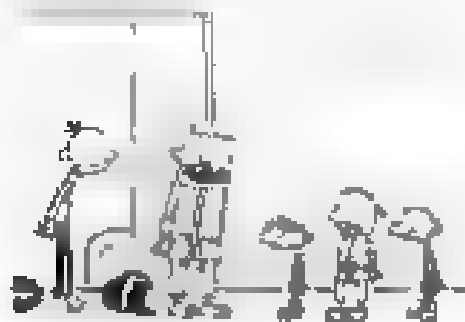
Patrick is always pulling me big so I guess I'll  
just have to wait until this weekend to see if he's  
telling the truth this time.

Sunday

Heard no news yet so a sleepover with  
Roxie again.

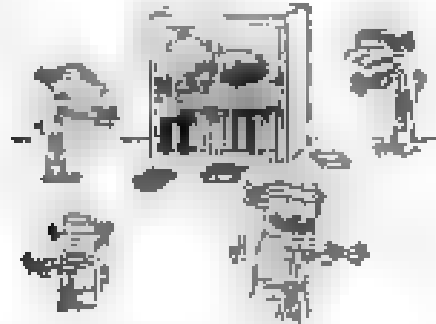
Yesterday afternoon they dropped me and Roxie  
off at the hotel's house. The next day that I  
was in for a long night and when we walked into  
the house and there wasn't a kid there who was  
older than us.

My SIL/Dad was out and everyone was wearing  
red pants and.



The state team I was with to the computer was so we used all sorts of and made really a slender party. But Raul's friends were more interested in "Income Street" than they were in girls.

All these guys wanted to go was just a bunch of dinky party games like Tiddlers that and that kind of thing. I didn't even playing upon the Board with that, but that instead I spent my night trying not to get accepted by a bunch of first graders.

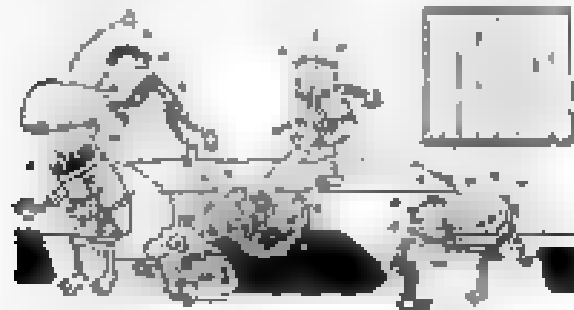


Raul's friends played some other games, too, like Freeze Tag and Twister.

I showed myself to go upstairs when someone suggested at this play "who likes the?"

I tried calling them to come pick me up, but she was out with Dick. So I knew I was stuck at this kid's house for the night.

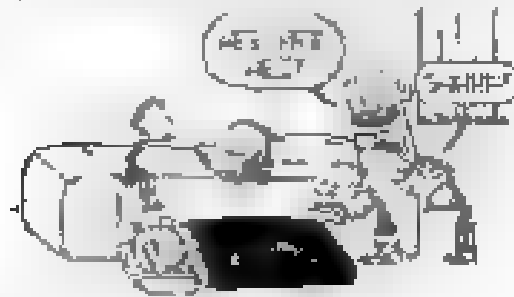
At about 6:30 I decided to just go to sleep and get the night over with. But these guys came into the bedroom and got over a massive power fight. And let me tell you, it's not easy, falling asleep when a sweaty little kid falls on you every five minutes.



Eventually the kids were exhausted and told everyone it was time to go to sleep.



Even after the lights went out, Kenny and his friends stayed up, talking and singing. They must have thought I fell asleep, because at one point a bunch of them stuck up on me to try and pull the towel in a kind of warm water trail.



Well, that was enough for ME. I went downstairs to sleep on the basement, even though it was pitch black down there and I couldn't find the light. I left my sleeping bag upstairs and that was a mistake, because it was THEIR ZITHE in the basement.

I did NOT want to go back upstairs and get my stuff tonight. I just curled up in a ball and tried to survive as much as I could as possible to make it through to the morning.

I think it was probably the longest night of my life



When the sun came up the morning, I found out the reason it was so wild in the bedroom. I was sleeping right by the sliding glass door and some fool had gone and left it open overnight



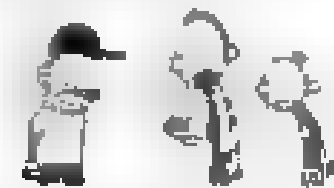
That really stinks, because if I knew there was a way to escape last night, I **DEFINITELY** wouldn't return it.

When I get home the morning, I went back to bed until Dad woke me up and told me it was time to go to the soccer game.

It turns out Hadrat was right about the thing thing. I spent the whole game pulling balls out of the bundles, and let me tell you, it wasn't a whole lot of fun.



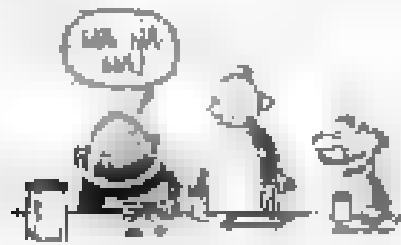
Our team won the game, and afterward we were supposed to go out to celebrate. Dad couldn't wait around, so he asked Mr. White if he would drive us home afterward.



Well, I really wish Dad had asked ME what I thought about that day fest because I would've just gone home with him.

I am coming from all that digging around in the bushes, though, so I figured I'd just go with the team.

We went to a fast-food place, and I ordered every chicken nugget. I went to use the bathroom, and when I came back to the table, all my food was gone. But then Ezra Bickford dumped my requests out of his big empty mouth.



It just went around to know why I don't like team sports. There's a in a nutshell.

After lunch was over, Mr. Kerney Kark, and Ezra got into Mr. Lutz's car. Kerney sat in the back with Ezra, and I sat up front in the passenger seat.

We had to wait a long time because Mr. Litch was sitting on the back of his car, talking away with Mr. Brown. After we'd been sitting there for a while, Kenny leaned forward from the back seat and rang on the horn for about three seconds.



Then Kenny jumped back as he was so when Mr. Litch swung around, it looked like I was the one who honked the horn.

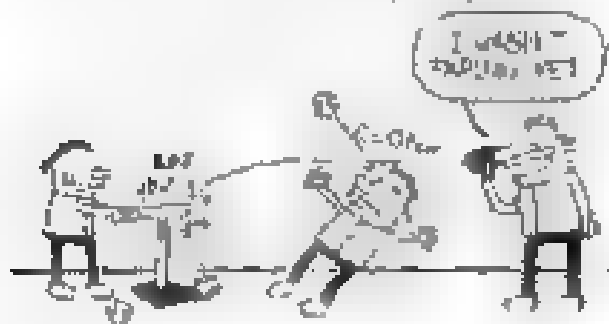
Mr. Litch gave me a dirty look, and then turned back around and talked to his assistant for another half hour.

On the way home, Mr. Erich stopped to do about  
five errands. He wasn't in any hurry to get them  
done either.

And yet the Penny and Erap were mad at Mr.  
for making them get home so late. So that should  
give you a bearing on the type of intelligence I'm  
dealing with here.

Mr. just dropped out of the way on the way up the  
hill. I saw the Snafus out on their front yard,  
and a whole lot more, were trying to get some  
clothes to wear in the American's latest fashions.

I guess they don't feel like working around a few  
months with Jack's half-birthday party.



April

Thursday

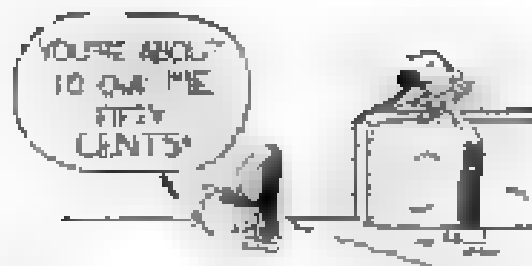
Today was April 1st, and here's how my day started -



Every other day of the year, you couldn't ERASE Reduct out of our head before 1:00 A.M. But on April 1st Reduct always wakes up really so he can get his hike on.

Someone seriously needs to explain the concept of a practical joke to Reduct. Because all his jokes involve me getting injured.

Last year Reduct hit me fifty times I couldn't sit on the toilet while I was standing up and I TOTALLY fell for it.



I went home and told Mom that Rascal had me on the back with a painful grip. Mom didn't feel like getting in the middle of a fight, so he just told Rascal to pay me my fifty cents for allowing the fall.

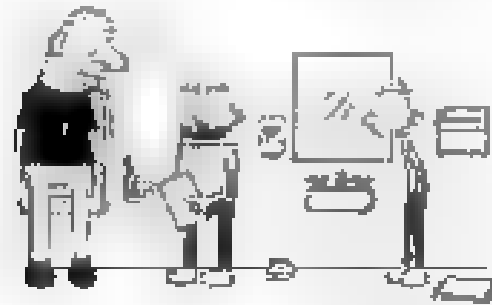
Rascal took two quarters out of his pocket and threw them on the ground. But honestly I didn't touch my money because I knew how to pick them up.





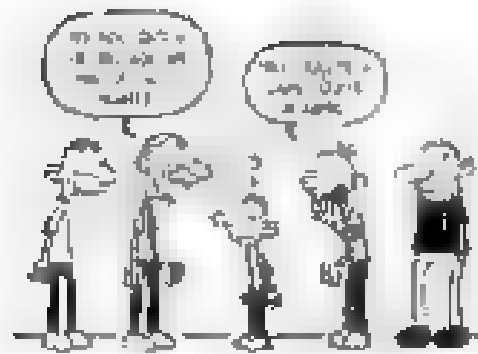
At least I put some thinking into my personal  
jokes. Last year I quoted a pretty good trick on  
Randy. He was in the bathroom at a men's theater  
and I mentioned him that some random guy  
standing at the door was a professional artist.

So Randy asked the guy for his autograph.



And today we and a couple of other guys pulled  
a good one on Chevy Chase.

We decided it would be pretty funny if we made  
him think he was losing his hearing, so we all  
made sure we talked real quiet every time he  
came around.



Charles figured out what was going on pretty quick and he went straight to the teacher to shut it down before the joke could get out of hand. I guess he didn't want a repeat of the Incredible China joke from last year.

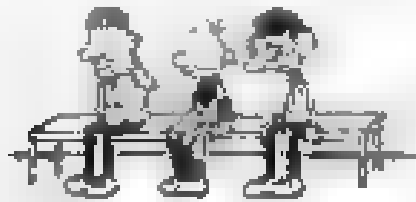
Friday

We had our second soccer game tonight. Some night volunteered to bring the balls, so I got to sit on the bench for the whole game.

It was kind of weird and I asked Tim if I could go get my nose out of the car. But he said no.

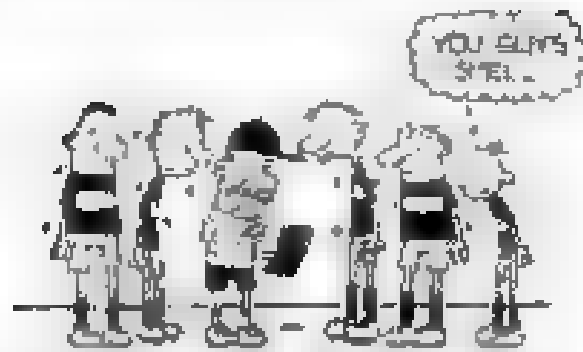
Dad said I needed to be prepared in case the coach decided to put me in the game, so I had to get tough at last.

I wanted to tell Dad that the way now I'd be stepping foot on the field would be when Mr. Little made me pick up all the other kids' orange pants at half-time. But I just kept quiet and concentrated on not letting my skin against freeze to my legs.



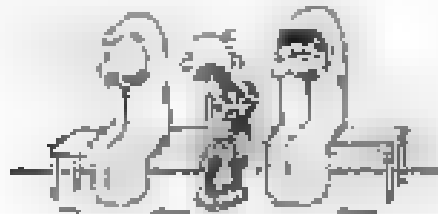
Every time Mr. Little said a huddle. Dad made me get off the bench and go join the rest of the team. But my son, a game on Mr. Little wondered what the coaches were thinking when they stood in the huddle while the coach gave out the game plan?

Well now I can see you for them

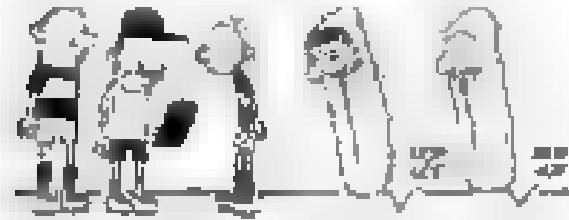


Once the sun went down + got REDDLY  
cold. In fact, it got so cold Mackay Company  
and Mammal Gonzalez went and got Just Filled  
Edwards out of the Company's car

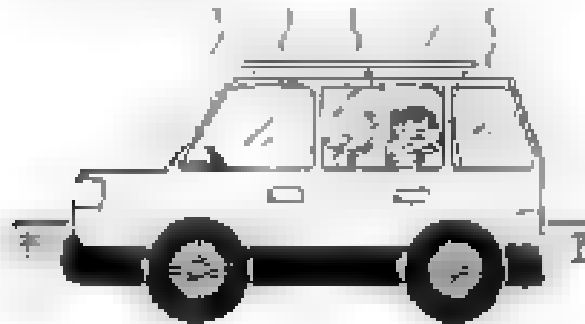
And Dad S<sup>th</sup>llh couldn't even let me go get  
my car



During a moment, we all joined the buffet. And when the waiters got an order of Mustang and Mustang, he told them they were missed and he up to the lounge for the rest of the game.



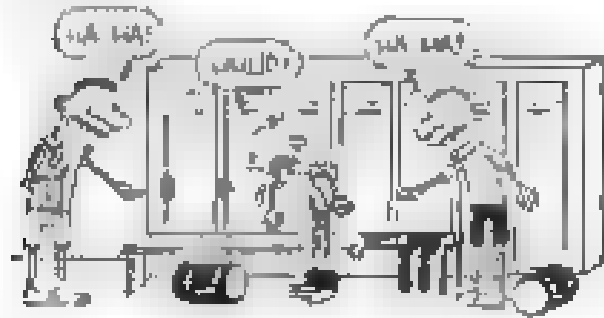
In Mustang and Mustang got us out in a hurry. I'd like to see a car with that in my shorts. And I know for a fact that the Chevrolet has a TV in that car, so I'm sure those guys were really doing it up in there.



Monday

I had a little bit of a start keeping on top of my hoodie. I've been out of class uniforms for about three days. So I've been waiting my birthday out as a milestone.

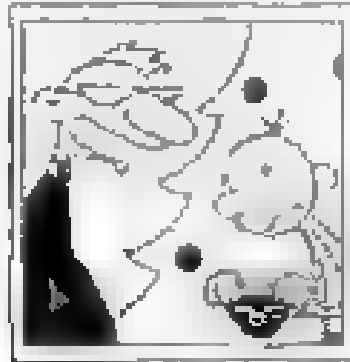
Today we had Phys Ed. and when we changed into our gym clothes I really regret I was wearing my Spidee underwear.



It could have been a lot worse, though. I have a pair of Wonder Woman Underwear that I've never taken out of their wrapper. and this morning I was pretty tempted to wear them just because they were clean.

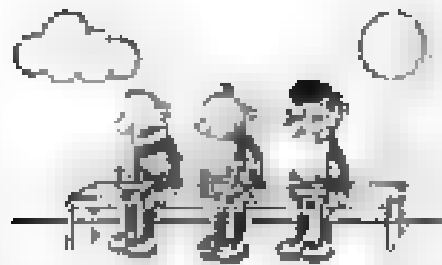
Being me, I didn't ASK for the Winter Wonders Underwear, either. The girl across a few of my friends asked Mom what I wanted for my birthday and she told them I was really into comics and super heroes.

So the Wonders were a gift from Uncle Charles

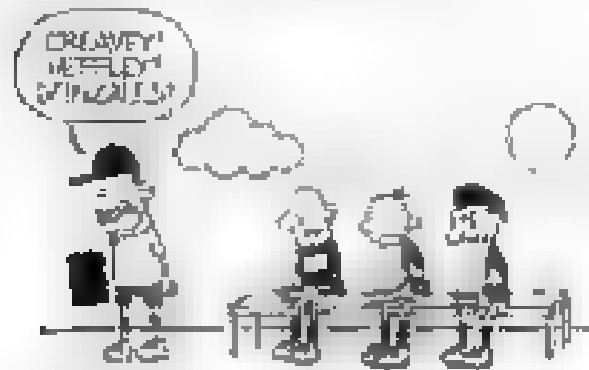


We had another soccer game after school, but it's been getting a lot warmer lately, and I spent most of the night

At what Mr. Muckey and Marcel agreed we all bring some video games tonight, and for the first time we actually ENJOYED watching all soccer.



It didn't last long, though. Twenty minutes into the game, the referee called us three at a time. The coach told us to get on the bench.



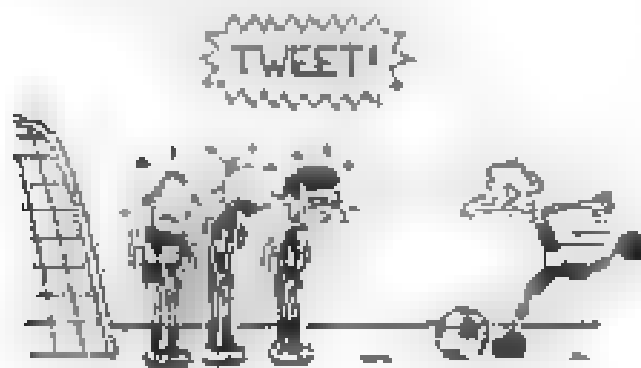
Apparently, some parents complained that their kid wasn't getting any playing time, so the football league made a rule that even if you had to get on the bench.



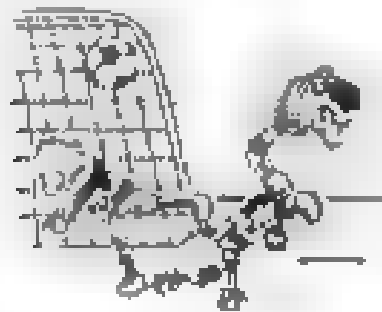
Well none of us had been paying any attention to the game, so when we got on the field, we didn't know what to do or where to stand.

A couple of kids on our team told us the other team had a "free kick," and that we were supposed to stick around to stand to make a shield to block it.

I thought the guys on my team were joking, but it turns out they weren't. Mr. Manuel, and "Mule," had to line up in front of our goal. From the referee blew the whistle, and a kid from the other team ran up the ball and kicked it right at us.



Well, we don't do a round game just of protecting the goal, and the other team marks.



Mr. White pulled the horse of us out of the game the second he got the chance, and he yelled at us for not standing still and blocking the ball.



But I'll tell you what: If I have to choose between getting yelled at or getting hit in the face with a soccer ball, it's no contest.

Thursday

After the game last week, I asked Mr. Litch if I could be the backup goalie for the team, and he said I could.

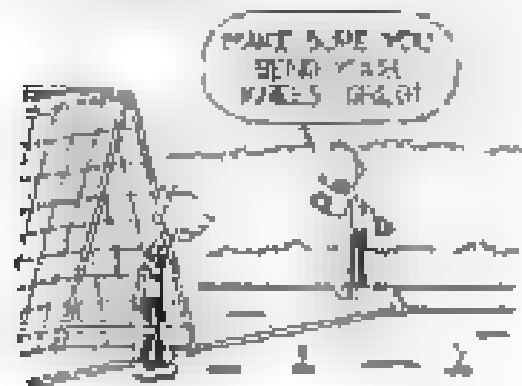
It was a great move on my part, for a couple of reasons. First of all, goalies don't have to run laps and all that stuff during practice. They just do individual goalie drills with the assistant coach.

Second, goalies wear different uniforms than the rest of the team, and that means Mr. Litch won't put me in the gym when it's time to work free kicks.



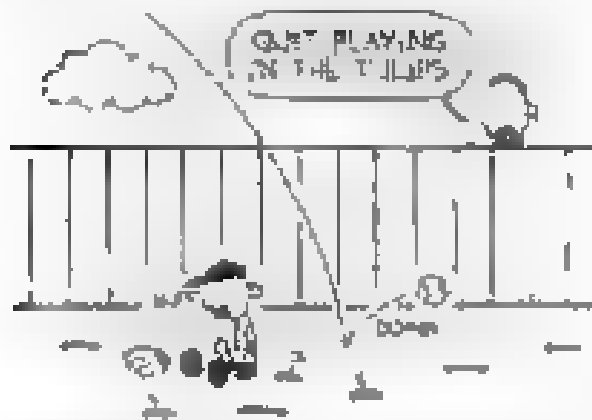
Our regular goalie, Trevor Lee, is the star of the team, so I know there was no way I was gonna get me playing time in any. There were few games that actually were kind of fluffy but tonight something had happened. Trevor was no longer doing what a goal, and he had to come out. So that meant the coach had to put ME in.

Well Dad was like "oh I figured I was really getting into that playing time, and he was down to my end of the stick to watch us from the sidelines. I don't like I really wanted to. Although our team kept the ball on the other side of the field for the whole rest of the game, and I didn't even touch a BALL.



I think I know what Dad was up to, though.

When I used to play football, I had a really hard time concentrating on the game. Tonight Dad just wanted to make sure I didn't get distracted this way I used to get when I played right football.



I never to know it was probably a good thing that Dad stayed on my case tonight.

There were about a million footballs down at my end of the field, and on the second half I was starting to get a little hungry.

Monday

Well, yesterday we had another soccer game and lucky Dad wasn't there to see it. We had our first game of the season. In Q. Somehow the other team got the ball past us in the last few seconds and they won the game. So that ruined our perfect record.

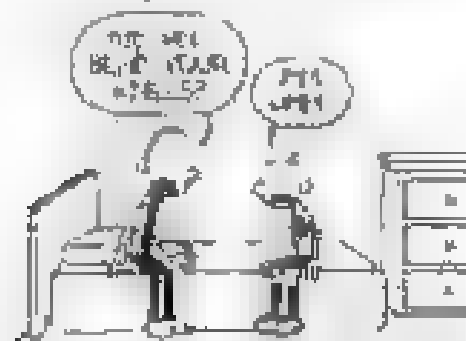
After the game, everyone on my team and as a kid used to I used to cheer them up.



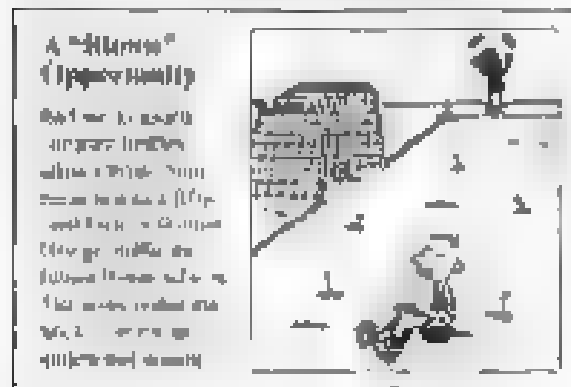
My teammates cheered me for being positive by getting me with orange juice.

Back at home, I was nervous to tell Dad about the game.

It seems he seemed a little disappointed, but he got over it pretty quick.



But tonight when Dad got home from work he looked really mad. He dropped the newspaper down in front of us on the kitchen table, and here was the picture on the "Sports" page -



Apparently, Dad found out about the paper soon but didn't say a word.



Oh, so maybe I didn't win all the details of the game.

In my defense though, I didn't really know what happened until I read about it in the paper myself.

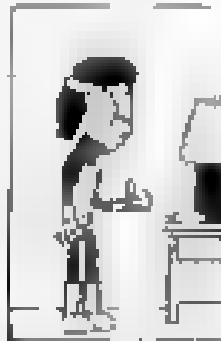
Dad didn't say a word to me for the rest of the night. He was still mad at me. I just had to go to work & pretty quick. Foster heard I finally came out today, still. I'm kind of counting on Dad to find me some money so I can get it.



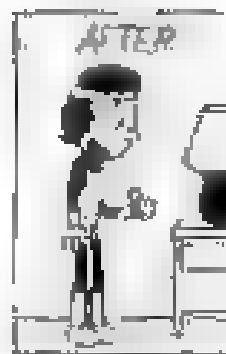
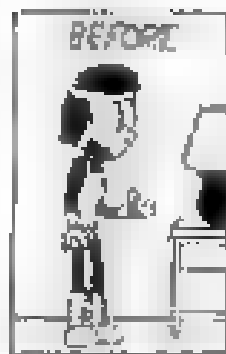
Friday

Tonight after dinner Dad took me and Andrew out to a movie. It's not because he was trying to be nice though, he just needed to get out of the house.

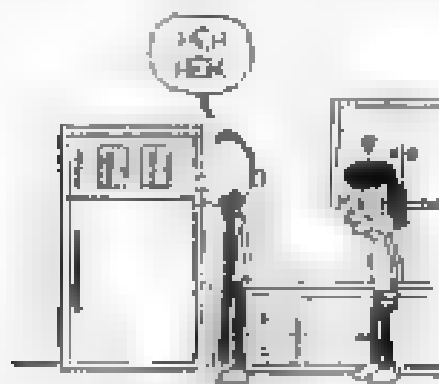
Remember how I told you that Mom got an exercise bike a few months ago? Well, she quit after her first class. Dad took a picture of Mom looking out on all her exercise gear the first day she went to the gym, and tonight the pictures came in the mail.



The photo place gives you duplicate prints, so as a joke Dad wrote down on the two pictures of Mom and put them up on the refrigerator.

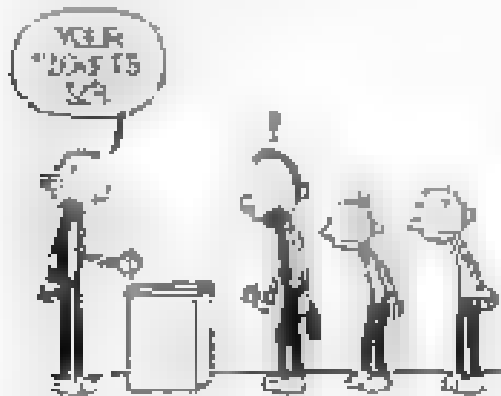


but Dad was pretty good at humor for coming up with that one. But Mom wasn't so amused.



Anyway, I guess Dad felt like maybe it was a good idea to put a whole space between him and Mom somehow.

We went to the new comic theater that just opened at the mall. After we bought our tickets, we went inside and gave them to the usher, who was a teenager with a crew cut. I didn't recognize him at first, but apparently Dad did.



I read the teenager's name tag, and I couldn't believe my eyes. It was LEWIS WOOD HEATH, the kid-teenager who used to be on our street. The last I saw him, he had long hair and he was lighting someone's trash on fire. But now here he was, telling his he just graduated from the Air Force or something.

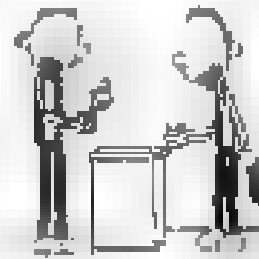
Dad seemed REALLY impressed with Leonardo's new look, and this time all three stood up in admiration.

Leonardo only has been going to Spring Union Military Academy and he's not working at the movie theater or Spring Drive. These schools said he's trying to get good grades at Spring Union so he can get into West Point.

And all of a sudden Dad was treating Leonard like he was his friend. Which was really weird, especially considering the history between the two of them.



BEFORE

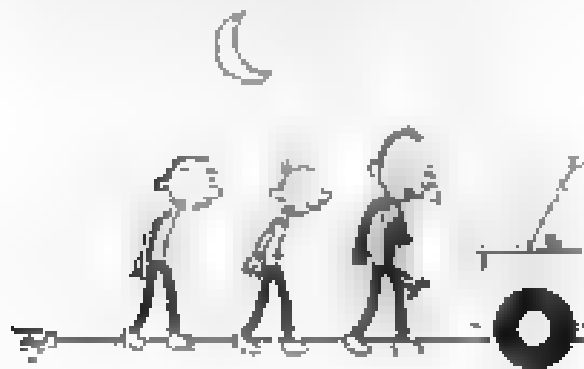


AFTER

Anyway, Dad kept chatting away with Leonard  
as we and Rodica just got our papers and  
went on the train. And it wasn't until talking  
through the noise that I realised what was  
REALLY happening.

It Dad was being silly, what could make a man  
out of a juvenile delinquent like Leonard? But then,  
then it wasn't a stretch to think it could make a  
man out of a weep like me.

I'm just saying Dad was having that thought.  
Right now I'm pretty concerned because after  
the same thought, Dad was on the last card.  
I've been on for a LONG time.



Monday

Dad was just like I feared. Dad spent the whole weekend reading up on aging when, and tonight he told me he'd gotten me up.



Here's the worst part: 'Older members' have to report on how they feel. I'm supposed to be the answer **VACATION**

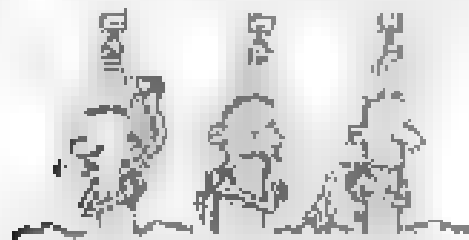
Dad tried to convince me that this would be a great thing for me, and how Spag House would really help me in the future. But going off to boot camp was **NOT** the way I was planning on spending my school break.

I told Dad I wasn't just a kid, as Spag House. Free at all they can help my age in with 400-agers, and that's not in a good thing.

I'm sure the other kids would single me out on  
the first day.



But what I'm actually a lot more concerned with is  
the particular situation. I'll have Spring things & one  
at those places that you open doors with the  
steel doors and that kind of thing it was for me

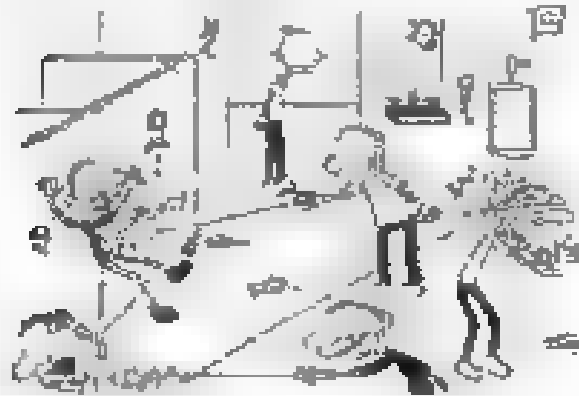


When I came to the bathroom. I tried to be very  
I don't even use the bathroom as when I did it  
was absolutely emergency.

A few statements on our street have ballrooms right on them, but I can't seem use them. Sooner every time you make a broadcast to the whole room.



The only other option is to use the entrance to the room and then place a sign on the entrance. Somebody got the idea a few weeks ago to start throwing out-of-date paper around, so now that part is all a lot of work.



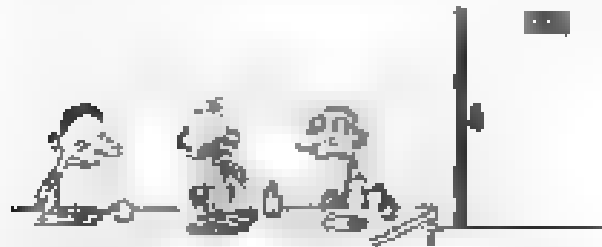


I was + concentrated on that kind of an environment,  
so I finally have to hold it until I get home  
from school.

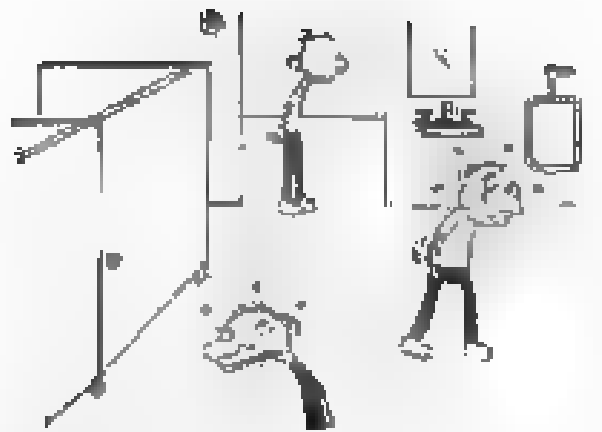
A couple of days ago something happened that  
changed the situation. The professor got some more  
or freshmen on the bathroom.



I started a rumor that the air fresheners were  
really security cameras to catch whoever was  
stealing the most toilet paper.



I guess I never told any right people because  
from that point on the cafeteria bathroom has  
been quieter than the library.



I might need the bathroom problem at school, but I don't think I'm gonna be able to pull off the camp kind of trick at Spring Vacation. And I **SERIOUSLY** doubt I can hold it for the whole summer.

I know I wasn't gonna convince Dad to change his mind, so I went to Mom. I told her I didn't want to go to a place where they make you shower your head and do push-ups every day at 5:00 every morning. I figured that agree with me and talk him down from Dad.

But it looks like Mom isn't gonna be any help to me either.



Wednesday

I know I needed to do something such to convince Dad that I was tough and didn't like D to go to military academy. So I told him I wanted to join the Boy Scouts.

Dad seemed really enthusiastic about this idea, so that was a relief.

Before trying to find a way to get Dad off my back, I have a couple of other reasons for wanting to join the Boy Scouts. Winter and Boy Scout meetings are on Sundays, so that means I can quit soccer.

And number two, it's about time I start getting some respect from the other kids at school.



There are usually 7 different Boy Scout troops in my town. Troop 24, which is right at our neighborhood, and Troop 233, which is about five miles down the creek. Troop 233 is always getting hot dog roasts and gun parties and stuff like that, but Troop 24 is community and doing community service projects on the weekends. So I'm definitely more of a Troop 233 kind of guy.

Now the trick is to make sure Dad doesn't find out about Troop 24, because he'll make me sign up with them for SURE.

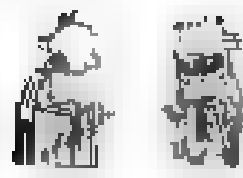
In fact, tonight we were drawing to the end,  
and we passed Troop 24 winning up the quilt.  
Luckily, I submitted just at the last second.



### Sunday

Sunday was my first Boy Scout meeting, and really  
it was with Troop 22. I got drawing to sign up  
with you too. When we got to the lodge, we met  
Mr. Barrett (the Scoutmaster) is asked us and  
Pamela to say the Pledge of Allegiance and do a  
Scout salute stuff and we were in Mr. Barrett  
even gave us our uniforms.

Randy was happy because he thought the uniforms  
was cool, but I was just happy to have a clean  
shirt for a change.



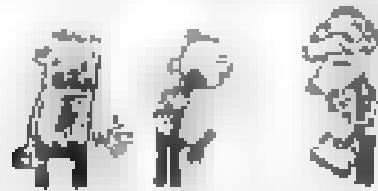
After we got our orders in, we found the rest of the map and patches were in our + badge. More + badges are these little purses you get for having him do all sorts of messy stuff.

Mr and Rowley started flipping through the most badge book to see what we should work on.

Rowley wanted to do something hard like whatever Survival or Personal Fitness, but I talked him out of it, I said we should just start off with something easy and easy, so we started on whittling.

But whittling was a lot harder than I thought it would be. So took FIRE ABB to try to make a book it was not anything, and Rowley got a splinter when the splinter.

So we went to Mr. Barrett and asked him if there was something we DANGEROUS we could do



Mr. Barrett said that if we were having trouble with the weed, maybe we could use soap instead. And that's what I did. I made the right call when I signed up with Tramp 123.

My old Rudy started using the soap, but then I found out something really great. If you get the soap out of the can, you can just add it into any shape you want with your hands. So we put soap on everything, like the ~~TRAMP~~ 123, and our soap was a shape around.



My first reaction was a sheep. I started to do for Mr. Barrett and he cracked and carrying all my wit



I didn't really know what to do for my next reaction. so I just turned my sheep upside down and handed it back as the I have

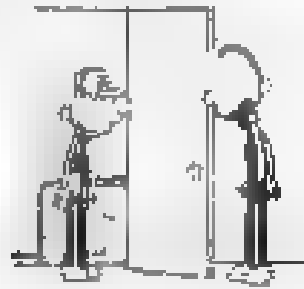


And thank to as well Mr. Barrett enjoyed T HAT and. yes.





So me and Flaming both got our interesting merit  
badges and passed them to our uniforms. When I  
came home, Dad was really surprised. So I  
couldn't believe that this was all it took to make  
me happy. I was later signed up for my  
night, about 20 months ago.

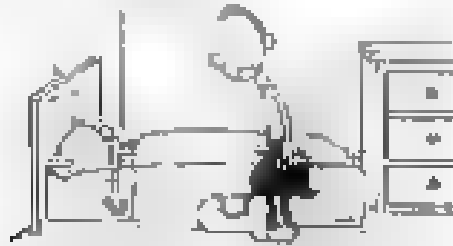


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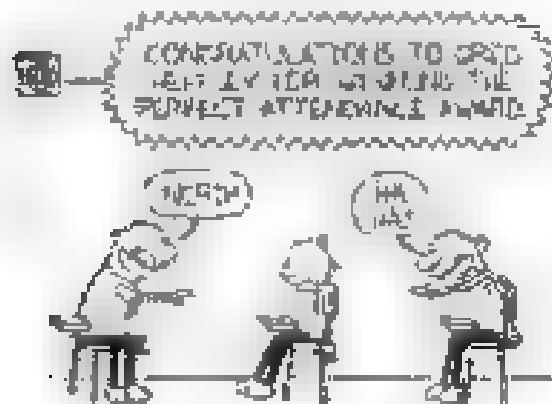
Monday

The other day Mr. Barrett announced that our  
Boy Scout troop was having a Father Son night  
this weekend. So I asked Dad if he'd go with me.  
I was pretty surprised with how easy it was to  
explain Dad with there are other more things, so I  
found a whole lot of things to say to him. So  
they were really happy to see me.

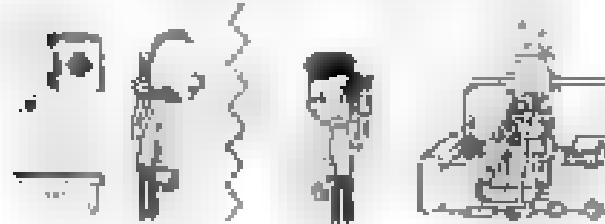
But yesterday morning I woke up at six in the day. I couldn't go, but Dad HAD to, because he signed up to be a driver.



I stayed in bed pretty much the whole day. I just wish I'd gotten out on a bit. Didn't missed out a weekend last year I didn't even see lots of school, and I promised myself I wouldn't let THAT happen again.



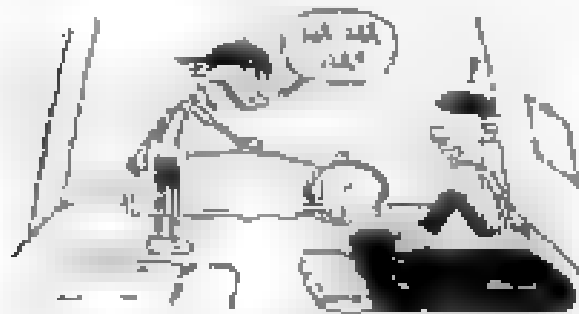
The Internet-son company kept turned out to be a  
MADSTIFF. The phone ringed at 11:00 last night,  
and it was Dad calling from the emergency room.



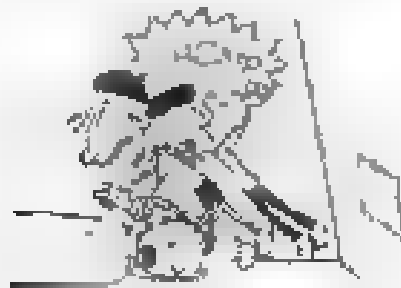
Dad got put in a tent with the Mordley brothers,  
Darrin and Marcus, because that was where  
Dad was. Darrin and Marcus were having a good  
time, even though Dad kept telling them to  
go to sleep. At one point Darrin threw a can of  
Mordley, and it hit him in the stomach.



Marcel and his parents, and I guess Darren thought that was pretty funny.



Well, Marcel went to study BioSci.Pol. He likes Darren and he wouldn't let go of that.



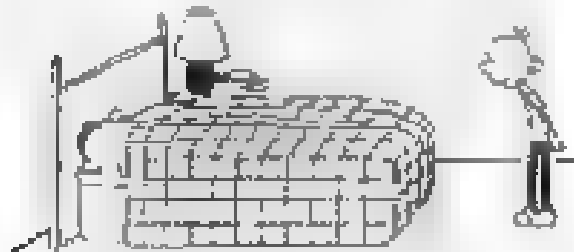
I think Dad a long time to try the rest of them apart and he had to take Darren to the emergency room after that.

Dad came home that morning, and he was not real happy with ME for getting me stuck in that situation. Something tells me that after this occurred, he's not a real big fan of Troup and me.

Sunday

Today was Martin's Day, and I didn't have anything to give to Mom.

I was going to ask Dad to take me to the store so I could at least get Mom a card or something, but Dad was still recovering from the father-son dispute. And I don't think he was looking to do me any favors, anyway.



So I had to come up with a homemade gift

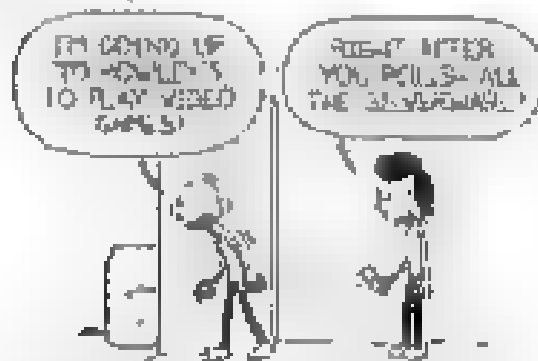
Next year I made them a "Share Coupon" book for Mother's Day. Each coupon had something like "One free lawn mowing" or "One free window washing" or so.



I give Dad a Share Coupon book just about every Father's Day, and it always works out great. It's a way for me to take care of my gift obligation without having to spend any money, and Dad never actually uses any of his coupons in the book.



Then walked in pretty single line of MEN composed  
all year. So I didn't want to make the same  
mistake this year.



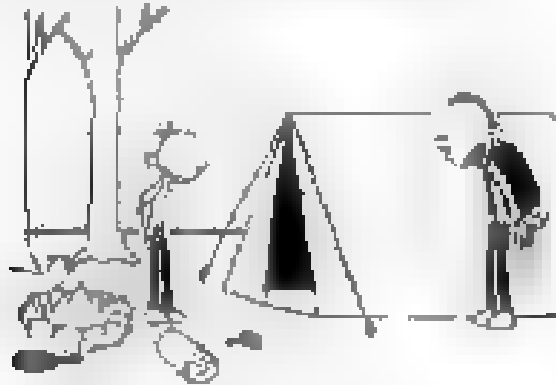
I tried to think of something to say to make  
me stop talking. So I ran out of town. So I  
ended up just paying attention to Henry. And



Monday

I figured the best way to get Dad to forget that he had been camping with us to have a dinner. So tonight at dinner, I asked Dad if he wanted to go on a camping trip, just outside here.

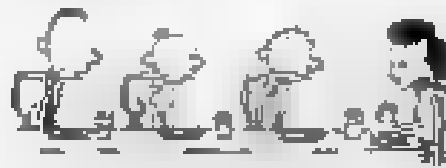
I've been studying up on my Boy Scout manual, and I'm pretty eager to show off what I've learned.



Well, Dad didn't exactly jump at my offer, but Mom thought it was a GREAT idea. She said we should go this weekend and that Patrick could go, too. She said it would be a great "bonding" experience for the three of us.

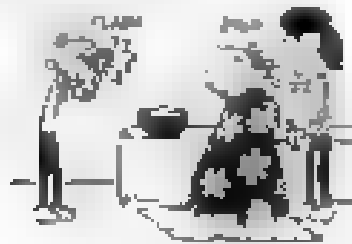


I wasn't too enthused about that idea, and neither was Radrick.



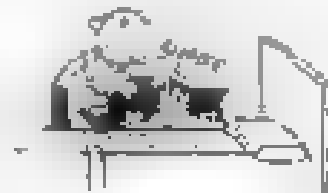
It lost one of the reasons I wanted to get out of the house this weekend, a house we and Radrick are in a fight.

Last night Mom was giving Radrick a haircut in the kitchen. Usually when Mom gives or buys a haircut, she puts a towel around our necks so the hair doesn't get all over our clothes. But yesterday Mom was one of her old maternity-prone period of a time, so when I saw Radrick like that, I knew I had to make adjustments of the situation.



I ran upstairs and locked myself in the bathroom before Radrak had a chance to catch me and take the money. And I didn't come back out until I was sure he was gone.

Radrak got me back anyway. Last night I had a nightmare that I was sleeping on a nest of rat urine, and that was thanks to him.



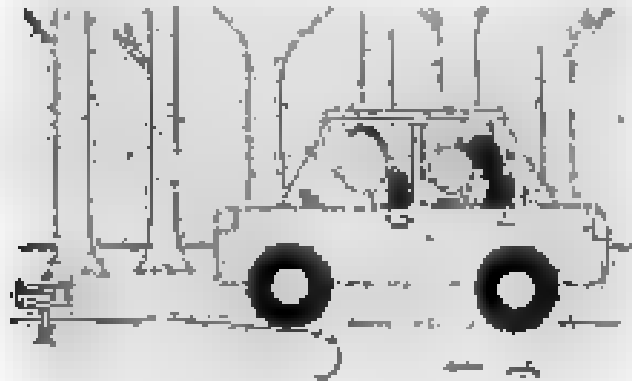
The only I see is, now it's over. But if there's one thing I've learned about Radrak, it's that he's still not going to let it go. So that's why I'm not that eager to take up on a tent with him for the weekend.

Saturday

Early on Sat. and Radrak headed out on our camping trip. I packed a glove that had a lot of nasty bacteria that you could do.

On the way to the campground, the sky got dark, and then it started to rain.

I wasn't all that concerned because our tent is waterproof and then packed gear for everybody. But by the time we got to our campsite, it was an inches downpour.



We were pretty wet from the rain so Dad decided we should just find a place to stay for the night.

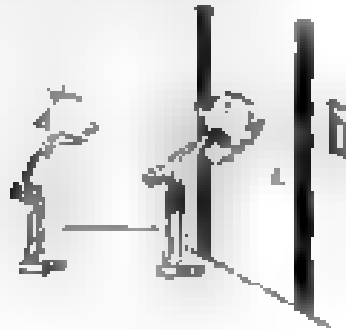
I was really nervous because the whole point of this trip was for me to impress Dad with my camping skills and now we were just getting stuck in some stupid hotel room.

Dad found a place and got a room with two beds and a pillow each. He watched TV for a while and then started getting ready for bed.

First, Dad went downstairs to the front desk to explain that the heater was too loud, so I was alone in the room with Roderick.

I went into the bathroom to brush my teeth, and when I came out, Roderick was looking out the window. Then he said something that made me freeze in my tracks.

He said that Holly Hills and her family were not in the hallway, and they were staying in the room right ACROSS from us.



I had to see this for myself. So I moved him  
out of the way and asked for the principle.

The railway was surprisingly empty. And before I  
realized it was a trick. Richard gave me a big  
chance, and I hit out the first



Then it got worse. Richard closed the door  
behind me, and I was stuck in the hallway wearing  
nothing but my tighty whities.



I panicked on the door, but Redrick wouldn't let me back in the room.

I was making a big mistake, and I realized people in the nearby rooms were gonna start opening their doors to find out what was going on. So I ran around the corner to see myself the embarrassment of anyone seeing me. I spent about fifteen minutes making through the hallway, trying every time I heard noise.

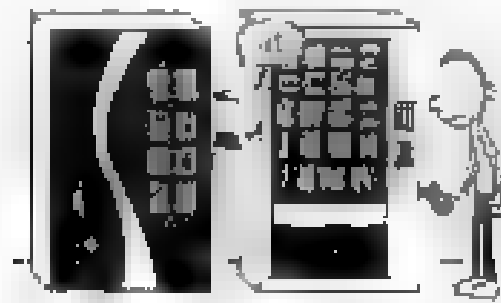


I was gonna go back to my room and beg Redrick to let me in, but then I realized I didn't even know my ROOMS number. And all the doors looked exactly the same to me.

I couldn't exactly go down to the front desk, either. The only option I really had was to try and find Dad.

Then I remembered. Dad is a junk-food addict I know had eventually turn up at the vending machines, so that's where I camped out.

I wedged myself in between the soda machine and the candy machine and waited. I had to wait a really long time, but Dad finally did show up.

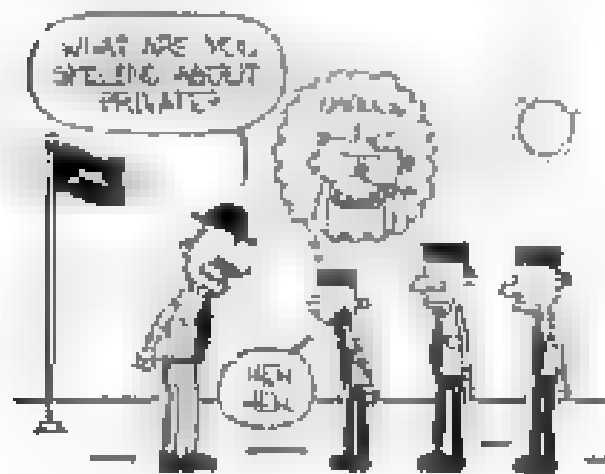


You know what, though? After seeing the look on Dad's face, I kind of noticed I'd just sucked it up and gone to the front desk instead.

Sunday

Well, after our camping trip, I'm pretty sure there's no chance I can convince Dad to change his mind about Spay Shave. So at this point, I'm not even gonna bother trying.

I realized there are only about three more weeks before I get shipped out, so I figure that as my last chance to make a guy for Hilly hills. If I'm lucky maybe I can take some good memories with me to military academy, and my career won't be so bad.





I've been working up the nerve to talk to Billy for a long time, and I decided it was now or never.

When we went to that is today. I tried to make sure we sat next to the Hill family. But we ended up two rows in front of them, which I guess was ~~fine~~ enough. And during the part where everybody shakes hands with one another I made my move.



The hand-shaking thing was actually just step one in a two-part plan and the second part would come tonight. My next step was to call Billy on the phone and ask the hand-shaking thing to get the conversation started.



At dinner tonight, I told everyone that I needed to make a very important call so everyone should stay off the phone. But I guess Robert must've figured out I was gonna call a girl, because he took all the handsets and hid them.

That wasn't the way way to make a call was to use the payphone in the kitchen. But there was no chance of TinkT happening.

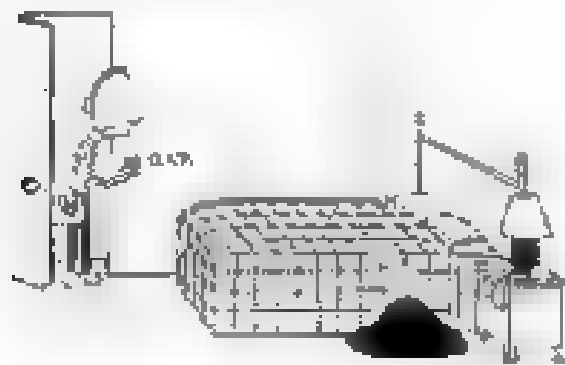


I told Mom that Radford took all the photos, and she made her return from the clothes they belonged.

Eventually, Radford went down to the basement. Later on I went into Mom and Dad's room to make my call. I turned off the lights as Radford would know I was in the room and I had under a blanket. Then I waited for about twenty minutes to make sure the baby's father was

Before I had a chance to dial Holly's number, someone walked in the room and turned on the light. I thought for a while if was Radford.

But it wasn't. It was Dad.

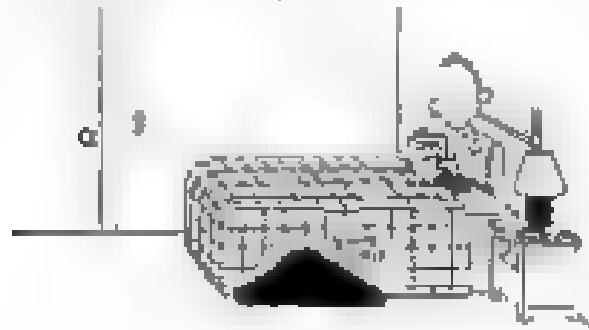


I decided to stay perfectly still and let Dad get whatever he needed and leave.

But Dad didn't leave. He got into bed and started reading a book.

I should have just remained against the second Dad walked in the room. Because now I wouldn't just get up and walk out - I'd give him a heart attack. So I decided to just speak one of the ten real ones.

I never sleep on such a narrow bed. I figured it would take me about a half hour to make it all the way out of the room, but there would still be enough time to tell Mom that



I was only about five feet from the bathroom door when the phone in my hand rang and scared the very life right out of me.



I think Dad really DID almost have a heart attack. And once he recovered, he didn't look happy to see me.

Dad made me get out of his room, and then he slammed the door.

I'm not the episode didn't help my standing with Dad, but I guess at this point it's probably not even helping.

Tuesday

Two days have already passed since I shook hands with Kelly and I didn't wait any more time to go by before I spoke with her again.

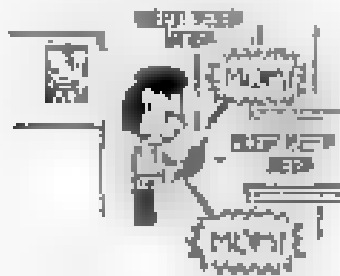
Well, Dad and Ruthie weren't home tonight so I knew I could make a phone call without being bothered. I practiced what I was going to say about a million times and then I really worked up the nerve to make the call.



I dialed Kelly's number and the phone started ringing. But right then Mom picked up the phone conversation.

Then Mom told Ruthie I had better sit just down without standing to see if anyone else is using the phone, and that's what she did tonight.

I tried to stop her, but it was too late.



The phone kept ringing at the Hill's house, and then someone picked up. It was Julie's mother.

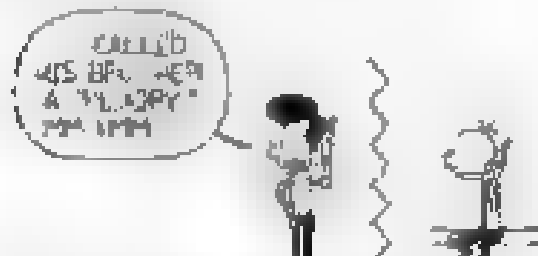
She was really confused, since she didn't dial the Hill's number in the first place. I just held my breath and waited for it all to be over.



It took Mom and Mrs. Hill a minute to figure out who was on the other end of the line. But when they did, they just started chatting like nothing strange had happened at all.

They got into the long conversation about the PTA and the fundraising committee and stuff like that. I couldn't really hang up, because then Mom would hear the click and know someone was on the other end.

Eventually the conversation between Mom and Mrs. Hill turned to me.



At that point I just put the phone down and went to bed. I figure that a phone call between me and Holly isn't meant to be, so I'm officially going up.

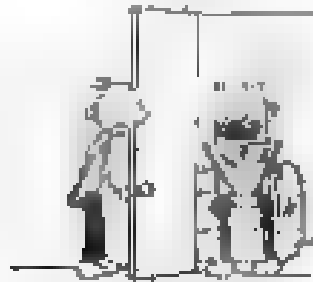


Today

Today at school I mentioned Helly to a group of her friends that she was gonna meet there all the celebrating and tonight, and a lightbulb went on over my head.

After school I asked Mom if she'd take me to the Home Found tonight and she said yes but I'd have to get a note home from someone else's parents. So I started Raulay along.

As soon as Raulay showed up at my front door I knew I made a mistake naming him.



Raulay has his hat all crooked up, and he was dressed just like his favorite singer, Justin.

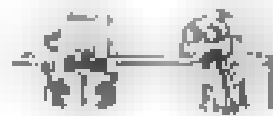
And I think Kevlar might have even been wearing  
sportsy sunglasses. but I can't say for sure. I  
couldn't stop to worry about the way Paul's  
looked, though. because I had my 'Drift problems'  
Earlier on I had lost one of my contact lenses. so  
that meant I had to wear my backup glasses. The  
lenses on those things are about three inches thick,  
and they look **FLUTTERFLUTTER**.

If I'm not wearing my contact lenses or my  
glasses I'm as blind as a bat. I guess I should  
just feel lucky that I wasn't alone during my run  
times, because I wouldn't have been able to trust or  
do anything useful. I'm sure my teammates would've  
discarded me the first chance they got.



I probably wouldn't had to leave a note even or something just to make everyone think I was worth keeping around.

On the ride to the interviewing park tonight I gave Friday some instructions on how to behave if I got into a conversation with Holly Hild-braining here, he could seriously hurt my chances with her.



I wish I had waited until we were out of the car, because then you'd heard our conversations.

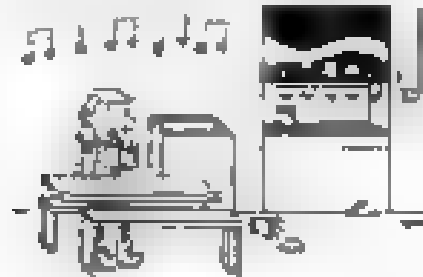


When we pulled up at the Roller-Rama, I got out of the car before Mom could say anything to me. I knew I went to her.

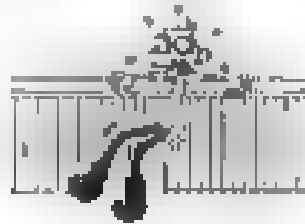
She and Flashy gave me admission and then went inside. She rented us skates and brought them over to the outside area, where I skated out the whole night.

I stopped Holly next by the river bar. She was with a bunch of her friends, so I wasn't ready to go and talk to her just yet.

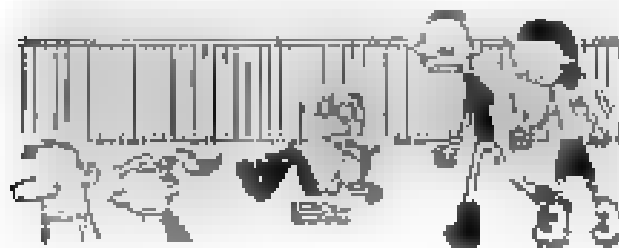
At 9:00 the DJ announced "Ladies Skate." A lot of people were getting up, and Holly was sitting at a table all alone. I knew that was the chance I was waiting for.



I started walking my way over to her but getting crowded on chairs and a lot higher than I thought it would be. I had to hang the net just to stay on my feet.



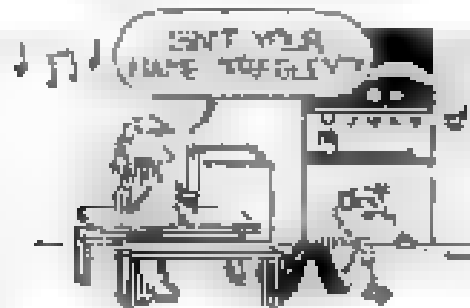
It was taking FOREVER, and I couldn't see how long it was by the time I got to Holly. So I got down on my butt and started over to her to speed things up.



I almost got run over a couple of times, but I barely made it to the crowd but.

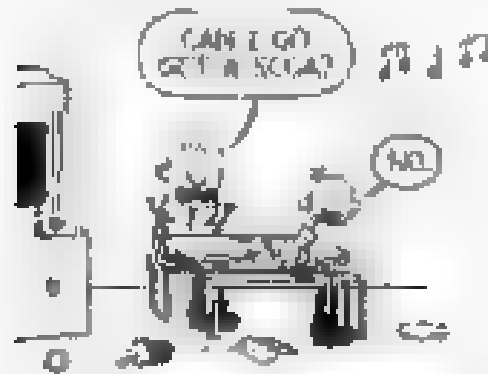
hilly was still there, sitting by herself. This  
was coming out, so I had to make a dash for it  
through a public of men, to get to her.

On my way across the street, I tried to  
work out what I was going to say to her. I  
realized I wasn't looking my best at that  
moment, so I knew I was gonna have to say  
something pretty smooth to make up for it. But  
before I even had a chance to open my mouth,  
Nelly said two words that changed everything.



I started to tell her I was sorry Nelly, the  
guy from the "Doggie Droppin' It" joke, but  
right then Lamar's wife's words and Nelly's words  
merged in and pulled her out onto the road.

I rode my way back to the arcade and that's where I stayed for the rest of the night. Because before me, I was ~~PCIT~~ on the road for driving.



You know, I probably should've realized a long time ago that Kelly wasn't worth my time. Someone who could mistake "I" for "PC" (and I believe has something wrong with them).

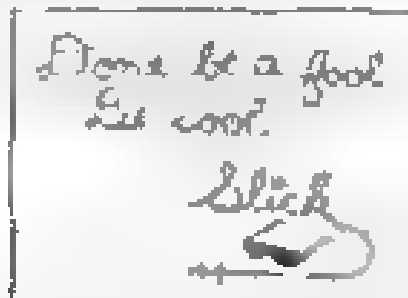
I'm officially DONE with you. I should just ask Dad to see if Spiny Wheel has any more. Because there's really no point in me sticking around here anymore.

## JUNE

Friday

Today was the last day of snow, and everybody was in a good mood but me. Everyone F&S'd is looking forward to driving for the summer, but all I've got to look forward to is sitting and watching drive.

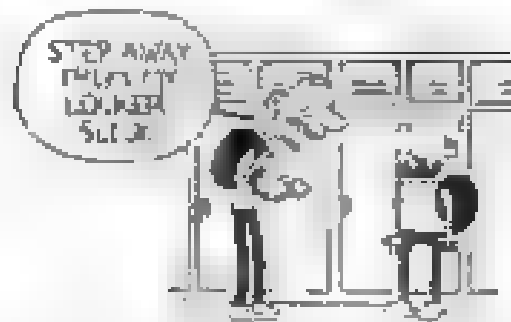
At work everyone brought their watermelons around for people to sign, and when I got home back home what was on the list was



At first I thought it says eat when "Eat" was, but then I realized it was just "Eat". A couple of days ago, Remy was standing over an adult male worker and the guy started Remy to make.



So here's what the guy said



So I guess now Raulo thinks "Slack" is his permanent nickname or something. I wish hope he doesn't expect ME to say it.

I flipped through the pages to see what was signed my yearbook and there was one that made me stop in my tracks. It was from Willy Hida.

First of all, the words my mother wrote to that means the figure 4 was 5 and what Friday night. Then wrote the words "K...T" or the end, when everyone knows means "Keep a track. You better think of 2 = guess who her up on her after

Erin

I don't really know you all that  
well, but you seem like a guess

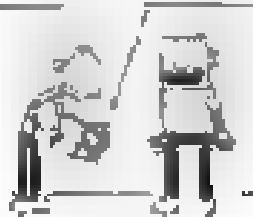
and to  
Holly

I looked up quickly to Holly when she  
said Holly wrote. But then he showed me what  
she wrote in his journal, and it kind of made  
her write to me last time.


Dear Holly,

You are so colorful & funny!  
I hope we have the same  
homework next year. Stay safe!

Love, Holly



A couple of months later, Kelly's yearbook came around and I had a chance to sign it. So here's what I put:

Dear Kelly:  
You are a real person and all, but I  
only think of you as a friend.  
  
From, Glick  


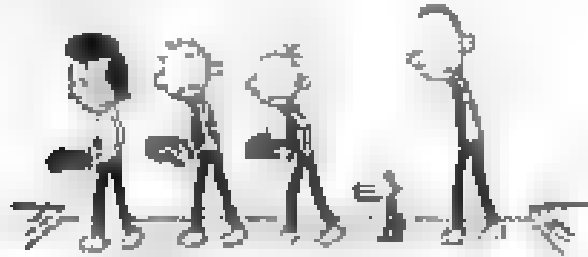
The way I see it, I just did Monday's libel  
lesson. I don't want to say how you have  
changed on by little bits because the truth is,  
you are in a better world somewhere.

Saturday

Today was my only day of summer vacation, and I  
had to spend it at Sam's dealer's house for a day  
party. I asked them to let me stay home as I  
wasn't going to go, but she said we were going to  
the party as a family.

Dad didn't even bother buying it, because he knew we weren't getting out of it, either.

So at 1:00 we walked across the street to the Snell's house.



The Snells really did it up this year. They had a clown making funny animals and a man hired for the kids.

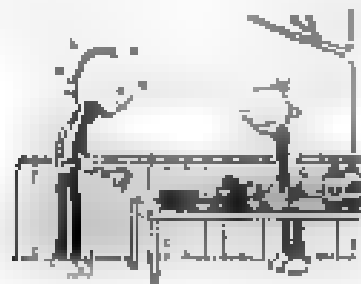
They even had ice cream. Robert was pretty sure that was because his house. Little Piper tried out for the job, but the Snells turned them down.

Everyone ate lunch and then at 2:30 the movie even started.

Mr. and Mrs. Snell had all the tables line up in front of Seth, and they all took turns trying to make him smile. No, Harriet wasn't here.



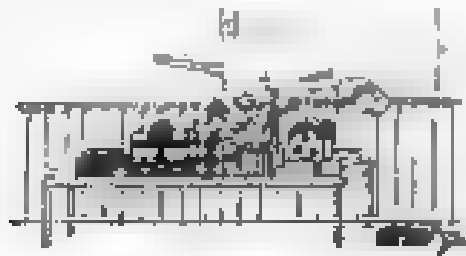
I noticed Dad looking really nervous at the back of the line. At one point I asked my Dad to get myself some supplies, and he stopped me. He told me if I could get him out of this situation, he'd owe me BIG-time.



I thought it was pretty rare that Dad would be away for a long time especially when he's the one who's shipping me off to military school tomorrow. So I was fine with seeing her again.

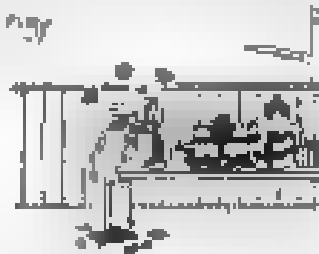
But that doesn't mean I wanted to see my Dad acting like a badass in front of the whole neighborhood. I don't I thought about crawling home to start myself the chain.

That's when I saw Mommy on the other side of the door, taking around Sister's presents.



Mommy opened the present that was from Quil Lady and he ripped it open. As soon as I saw what it was, I knew things were about to get real complicated.

It was a line-art sketch, just like the one  
 I'd used to make as a baby. And you could  
 tell Murray thought he had found himself a  
 brand-new Tigger.

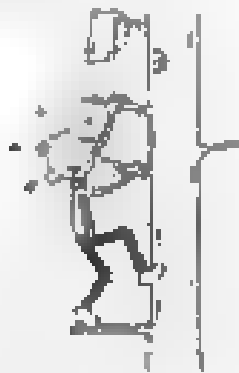


I went over to Murray and told him he was gonna  
 have to hand over the basket because it was his  
 one baby, not his. But Murray wasn't caught + up



When Murray realised I was gonna take away the  
 basket he just turned around and started + over  
 the railing.

The window landed in the branch of a tree. I know I had to get it back before they found me, so I got down off the dock and started climbing up the tree.



Right when I was about to grab the window, my foot slipped, and I was left hanging there. I tried to pull myself back up, but I didn't have the strength.

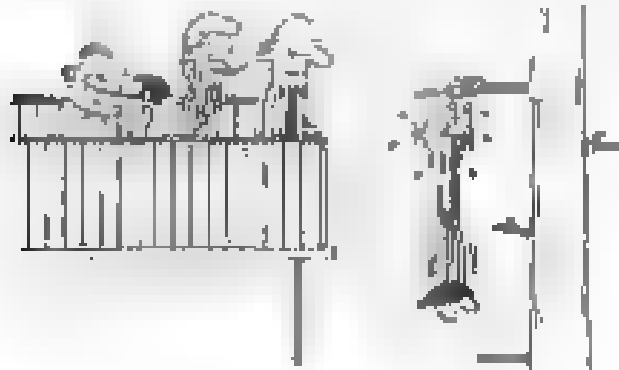
I probably wouldn't have been able to do it, but the only thing I had as my reason was a piece of cake and the freezing cold of a game of cake, so I had no energy.



I yelled for help but I really wish I didn't  
ask attention to myself. Because right when  
our pps came over to see what was going on, my  
pants were loose and the girls around me noticed.

I I wouldn't have happened if I was wearing my  
Chilly pants. But I never noticed my dress  
pants after they got that chocolate all over  
them. so I was borrowing a pair of Archie's K's  
pants, which were about two sizes too big on me.

The teacher was horrible enough but then I  
needed someone who wasn't. I was wearing  
my Wonder Woman Undies.



Eventually, Dad came over and helped get me down, but not before Mr. Smith got the whole thing on tape. And something tells me that the two of them, he had a good shot at the "America's Funniest Fumbles" Grand Prize.

After that, Dad turned me loose, and I thought he was going to really rock on me. But it turns out that my ex-dent happened right when Dad was bent at 90, so in front of Seth (yeah, so I saved him from having to make his turn.

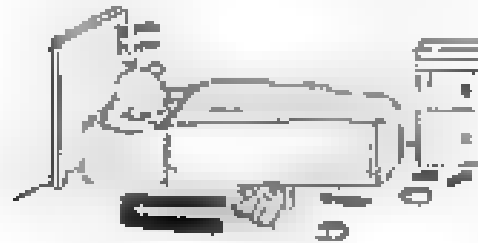
And get this. Dad thinks I ~~FAXED~~ the whole thing to his brother.



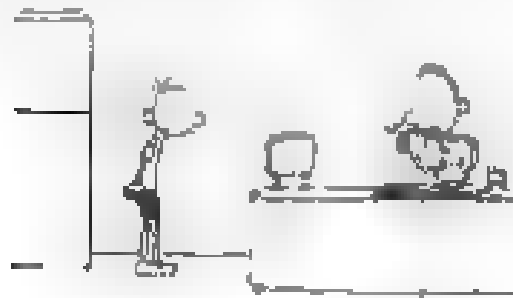
I wasn't about to correct him, either. I made myself a big bowl of ice cream, sat down in front of the TV, and tried to enjoy the rest of my one day of freedom as best I could.

Snowy

When I woke up this morning, it was a quarter past 11:00. I couldn't figure out why I was still in bed, because Dad was supposed to drive me to Spring Union at 1:00.



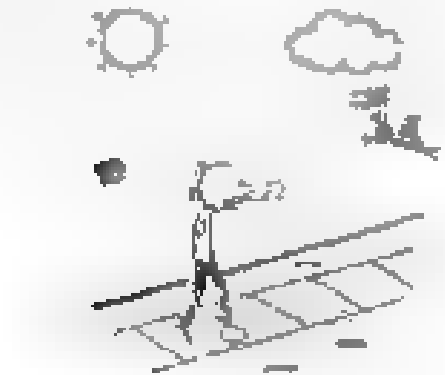
So I went downstairs. Dad was sitting at the kitchen table reading the paper, and his sweater was draped over.



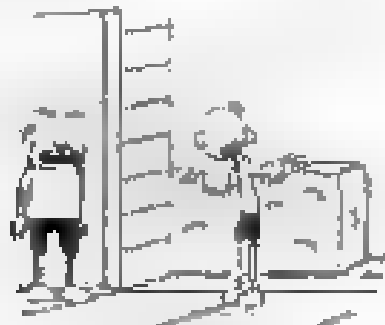
When I walked into the kitchen, Dad told me we could "rethink" the military academy thing. He said maybe I could just do some part-time work at night every once in a while, and that would be just as good as the summer confining program of being there.

I couldn't believe my ears. I guess Dad felt like he owed me for leaving him yesterday, and that was his way of paying me back.

I walked out of the house and went up to Mary's house. Dad said I could hang out with her. And on my way up the hill, I realized that I was on normal terrain.



I knocked on Randy's door, and when he answered, I told him I didn't have to go to Spring Union at TEF all.

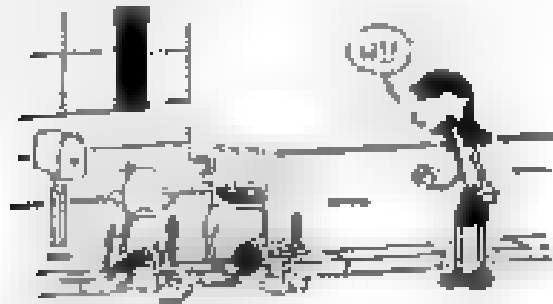


Randy didn't even know what I was talking about so that just shows you how confused he can be sometimes.

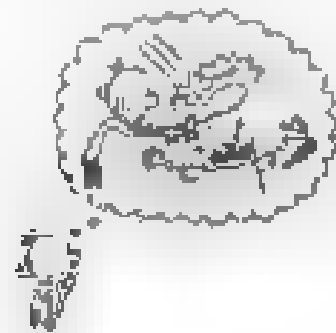
We played Randy's "busted" record a few times and then we went to looking up out at the house. So we grabbed some popcorn and went and sat on the front porch.

You'll never fit LTV's what happened next. A really nice girl I had never seen before walked up to us and introduced herself.

She said not worry and I said and what she just  
-went on down the street.



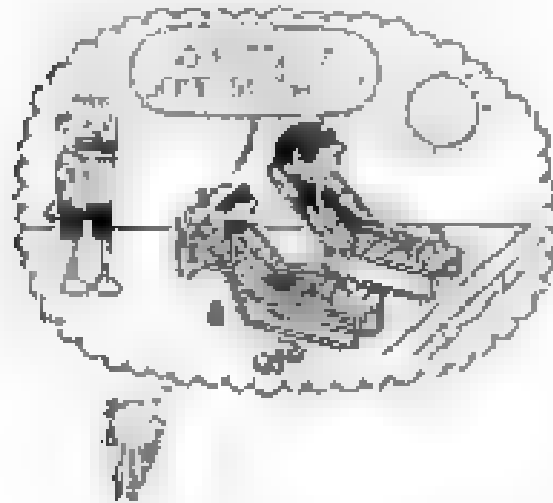
I looked at Raul, and it was pretty obvious he  
was thinking what I was thinking. So I took us  
about two seconds to come up with a plan.



But then I had a HEART-CP idea.

Hooty's family belongs to a country club, and he's allowed to bring two guests to his pool every day.

He thought would actually work out real soon.



It looks like things are finally going my way, and you know it's about time I got some company who decided to catch a beach ball's than me, because like I said before, I'm pretty much one of the best people I know.

And I guess it really seems to end with a  
happy ending but I wish I was out of paper  
already so I quit this.

**THE  
END.**



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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pencil after I had given up.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jeff Kinney is the creator of *Popopopica.com*, and the author of the #1 *New York Times* bestsellers *Diary of a Wimpy Kid* and *Diary of a Wimpy Kid: Rodrick Rules*, as well as the *Diary of a Wimpy Kid Do-It-Yourself Book*. He spent his childhood in the Washington, D.C. area and moved to New England in 1995. Jeff lives in southern Massachusetts with his wife, Julie, and their five sons, Will and Grant.



Let's face it: Greg Heffley will never change his "wings" with somebody just ready to explain that to Greg's father.



You see, Frank Heffley actually thinks he can get his son to laugh at him, and he enlists Greg in organized sports and other "manly" endeavors.

Of course, Greg is really able to dissolve his father's efforts to change him. But when Greg's dad threatens to send him to military academy, Greg realizes he has to shape up . . . or get shipped out.

Praise for the *Diary of a Wimpy Kid* series—the *USA Today*, *Publishers Weekly*, and #1 *New York Times* bestsellers.

"Have you, Harry Potter?  
There's a new set of kids dominating the  
bestseller list for kids' chapter books,  
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—*The New York Times*

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